

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS CHRISTMAS NUMBER DECEMBER 16th 1874

Nos. 1843, 1844.

VOL. LXV.



"A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO PAPA AND MAMMA."—DRAWN BY A. HUNT.

MR. STREETER,
18, NEW BOND-STREET,
LONDON, W.
DIAMOND MERCHANT,
JEWELLER, GOLDSMITH,
WATCH and CLOCK MAKER
BY MACHINERY.

SPECIAL PRODUCTIONS
IN STANDARD 18-CARAT GOLD.
ENGLISH LEVER WATCHES,
ENGLISH LEVER CLOCKS,
ENGLISH CARRIAGE CLOCKS, &c.,
GOLD and GEM JEWELLERY,
FOR CHRISTMAS SOUVENIRS
AND NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

MR. STREETER, having secured the AID OF EMINENT
ENGLISH AND FOREIGN ARTISTS, has this year succeeded in
PRODUCING NOVELTIES FAR SURPASSING ALL PREVIOUS
PRODUCTIONS. Prominent among these artistic ornaments are the
New COLLIER NECKLACES—style, Louis XV. and Louis XVI.
THE NATIONAL EMBLEMATIC NECKLACE, ROSE, SHAM-
ROCK, AND THISTLE; AND THE NEW "ZODIAC" JEWELLERY.
SENTIMENT FOR DECEMBER, "PROSPERITY."

THE NEW COLLIER, £5 to £20.
EMBLEMATIC NECKLACE,
ROSE, SHAMROCK, and THISTLE.
THE GEM NECKLACE, £10 to £20.
ZODIAC JEWELLERY.
ZODIAC RINGS, £1 to £50.
ZODIAC LOCKETS, £5 to £50.
ZODIAC EARRINGS, £5 to £50.
ZODIAC BRACELETS, £5 to £50.
ZODIAC BROOCHES, £3 to £20.
ANTIQUÉ CHATELAINES,
LABRADOR CHATELAINES,
ENAMEL CHATELAINES,
SILVER CHATELAINES,
CRYSTAL CHATELAINES.

MR. STREETER has pleasure in announcing that he has
secured the EXCLUSIVE SERVICES OF M. EMILE PHILIPPE, the
Eminent Artist of Paris (holding Gold Medal 1867, 1872, and the Vienna
Gold Medal),
AND HAS NOW ON VIEW SPECIMEN WORKS OF THIS GREAT
DESIGNER IN ARABESQUE, PERSIAN, AND RENAISSANCE
JEWELLERY.
Special study has been given by the above Artist to that period of
Egyptian Art embracing the Exodus of the Jews.

18-CARAT GOLD JEWELLERY.
BRACELETS IN 18-CARAT GOLD, £5 to £50.
BROOCHES IN 18-CARAT GOLD, £3 to £20.
EARRINGS IN 18-CARAT GOLD, £1 10s. to £10.
LOCKETS IN 18-CARAT GOLD, £1 10s. to £20.
NECKLACES IN 18-CARAT GOLD, £5 to £50.
JEWELLERY FOR GENTLEMEN.
PINS IN 18-CARAT GOLD.
STUDS IN 18-CARAT GOLD.
RINGS IN 18-CARAT GOLD.
CHAINS IN 18-CARAT GOLD.
SOLITAIRES IN 18-CARAT GOLD.

MR. STREETER IS NOW IN A POSITION TO
OFFER SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PURCHASERS DESIROUS
OF SECURING JEWELLERY
comprising the important features of
ORIGINALITY, PURITY OF TASTE, EXCELLENCE OF FINISH,
AND MODERATION OF PRICE.

MR. STREETER,
18, NEW BOND-STREET, and
BURLINGTON STEAM-WORKS,
SAVILLE-ROW, LONDON.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Instituted 1822. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.
Under the immediate patronage of
Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES.
His Royal Highness the Princess of WALES.
His Royal Highness the Duke of EDINBURGH.
His Royal Highness the Princess CHRISTIAN.
His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.
His Royal Highness the Duchess of TECK.
His Serene Highness the Duke of TECK, and
His Royal Highness Prince CHRISTIAN.
President—The Right Hon. the Earl of DUDLEY.
Principal—Sir STERNDAL BENNETT, Mus. Doc., D.O.L.
The LENT TERM will COMMENCE on MONDAY, JAN. 13, 1875, and will TERMI-
NATE on SATURDAY, APRIL 24.
Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution on Thursday, Jan. 14, at
eleven o'clock, and every succeeding Monday and Thursday, at the same hour.
By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.
Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tottenham-street, Hanover-square.

URGENT APPEAL.—ROYAL ASYLUM OF ST. ANNE'S
SOCIETY SCHOOLS, affording Home, Education, Maintenance, and Clothing to
Children of Parents who have moved in a superior station in life (clergymen, officers in the
Army and Navy, members of the legal and medical professions, merchants, &c.), orphans
or not, of any nation. AID is Greatly Needed to pay off the debt of £246 due the end of
last year. The Institution is unendowed. 400 Children are under its care. Subscriptions
and Donations gratefully received by Philip Twells, Esq., M.P., Treasurer, Messrs. Barclay
and Co., 54, Lombard-street, E.C., or by
Office, 52, King William-street, E.C.
Life Subscription, with 2 votes £10 10 0
Do. do. 1 vote 5 5 0
Annual Subscription, with 2 votes 1 1 0
Do. do. 1 vote 0 10 6

CHROMOLITHOGRAPHS.—A large variety of all the
new CHROMOLITHOGRAPHS, varying in price 5s. to 3 g. each. Catalogues
forwarded on application. T. McLEAN, 7, Haymarket, London.

CHOPIN'S 17 POLISH SONGS. 1 Vol. Net 8s.
LISTZ'S SONGS. Translated by CONSTANCE BACHE. 2s. 6d. each.
RUBINSTEIN'S PERSIAN SONGS. 3s. each.
MACFARREN'S ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. Net, 4s.; bound, 6s.
PIANOFORTES by BROADWOOD, COLLARD, PLEYEL, &c.
STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, and Co., 84, New Bond-street, W.

OPENING OF NEW PREMISES,
89 and 91, STRAND,
with an entirely New Stock of Novelties for Presents.
ASSER and SHERWIN.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
ASSER and SHERWIN,
81, Strand; and 69, Oxford-street.

NOVELTIES FROM PARIS AND VIENNA.
ASSER and SHERWIN,
81, Strand; and 69, Oxford-street.

CATALOGUE OF PRESENTS,
Beautifully Illustrated,
post-free.
ASSER and SHERWIN, 81, Strand, W.C.; and 69, Oxford-street, W.

FINDLATER, MACKIE, and CO.,
33, Wellington-street, Covent-garden;
FINDLATER and CO., 20, Blooms-street, Knightsbridge, London.
WINE, SPIRITS, STOUT, and ALL MERCHANTS.
Port, Good Crusted 24s. 30s. 36s. 40s. 44s. per dozen.
Ditto, Fine Old and Vintage, 48s. 52s. 56s. 60s. 64s. "
Sherry, Pale or Gold 20s. 24s. 28s. 32s. 36s. "
Ditto, Superior 40s. 44s. 48s. 54s. 60s. "
Madeira 45s. 55s. 75s. 83s. "
Marsala 20s. 22s. 24s. "
Claret, Dinner-Wine 12s. 14s. 18s. 20s. 22s. "
Ditto for Dessert 36s. 40s. 50s. 60s. 70s. "
Sauternes 20s. 24s. 30s. 40s. 50s. "
Burgundy 18s. 24s. 30s. 42s. 50s. "
Chablis 22s. 25s. 30s. "
Sparkling Champagne 30s. 36s. 42s. 53s. 65s. "
Ditto Hock and Moselle 42s. 55s. 65s. "
Still Ditto Ditto 20s. 28s. 34s. 40s. 50s. "
Brandy, Martell's, &c. 42s. 50s. 56s. 64s. 72s. "
Whisky, Irish and Scotch 30s. 36s. 40s. "
Complete Prices Current of all Wines, &c., post-free on application.

MORSON'S PEPSINE PREPARATIONS.

INDIGESTION.
INDIGESTION.
INDIGESTION.

WINE, POWDER, and LOZENGES.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

SOUTHAMPTON-ROW, LONDON, W.C.

D. R. DE JONGH'S

(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)
LIGHT-BROWN COD-LIVER OIL.
The only real test, universal medical experience during the last twenty-five years, has
conclusively proved
DR. DE JONGH'S COD-LIVER OIL
to be

THE PUREST,
THE MOST PALATABLE,
THE MOST EASILY DIGESTED,
and
THE MOST RAPIDLY EFFICACIOUS
of all kinds.

As the Remedy for
CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST,
DR. DE JONGH'S COD-LIVER OIL
stands pre eminent.

As the Restorative in
DEBILITY OF ADULTS AND CHILDREN,
DR. DE JONGH'S COD-LIVER OIL
is unequalled.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

SIR HENRY MARSH, BART., M.D.,
Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland.
"I have frequently prescribed Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod-Liver Oil, and
I consider it to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a
therapeutic agent of great value."

SIR G. DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D.,
Physician to the Westminster Hospital.
"The experience of many years has abundantly proved the truth of every
word said in favour of Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod-Liver Oil by
many of our first Physicians and Chemists, thus stamping him as a high
authority and an able Chemist whose investigations have remained
unquestioned."

DR. LETHEBY,
Medical Officer of Health to the City of London.
"In all cases I have found Dr. DE JONGH'S Cod-Liver Oil possessing
the same set of properties, among which the presence of choleic com-
pounds, and of iodine in a state of organic combination, are the most
remarkable."

DR. EDWARD SMITH, F.R.S.,
Medical Officer to the Poor-Law Board of Great Britain.
"We think it a great advantage that there is one kind of Cod-Liver Oil
which is universally admitted to be genuine—the Light-Brown Oil supplied
by Dr. DE JONGH."

DR. GRANVILLE, F.R.S.,
Author of "The Spas of Germany."
"Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod-Liver Oil produces the desired
effect in a shorter time than other kinds, and it does not cause the nausea
and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale
Oils."

DR. PROSSER JAMES,
Lecturer on Materia Medica, London Hospital.
"Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod-Liver Oil contains the whole of
the active ingredients of the remedy, and is easily digested. Hence its
value, not only in diseases of the Throat and Lungs, but in a great number
of cases to which the profession is extending its use."

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD-LIVER OIL
is sold only in capsules IMPERIAL Half-pint, 2s. 6d.; Pint, 4s. 9d.; Quart, 9s.
by all respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the world.
SOLE IMPORTERS,
ANSAR, HARFORD, and CO., 77, STRAND, LONDON.

MESSRS. GABRIEL,
THE OLD-ESTABLISHED DENTISTS,
are in attendance Daily
72, LUDGATE-HILL; and 54, HARLEY-STREET, CAVENTISH-SQUARE
(only addresses).

SEDADENT, THE CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.
"Marvellous in its effects."
"Gives immediate relief."
"Does not injure the Tooth."
"Forms a stopping."
Sold by all Chemists, price 1s. 1d.; by post, 1s. 3d.
MESSRS. GABRIEL, DENTISTS,
72, LUDGATE-HILL, LONDON.

RIMMEL'S PERFUMED ALMANACK (the Hours)
beautifully illuminated, 6d. Cornie Fan Almanack (Signs of the Zodiac), 1s.
Christmas Bouquet, changing into a Fan, 1s. 6d.; by post, one stamp extra. Christmas
Presents in immense variety. List on application.
Rimmel, Perfumer, 95, Strand; 125, Regent-street; 24, Cornhill.

CHRISTMAS, 1874.
POULTRY, GAME, and DAIRY PRODUCE
SPECIALLY SELECTED FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
A most choice and varied Assortment of Game, Poultry, and prime ripe Stilton and
Cheddar Cheeses are now included in the large Stock submitted by
W. TAYLOR, PROVISION WAREHOUSE,
11, Vigo-street, Regent-street, W.
Price-List on application.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS and NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.
ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,
for imparting a transcendent lustre to the Hair, and sustaining it in decorative charms.
Price 3s. 6d., 7s. 10s. 6d., and 21s. per Bottle.
ROWLANDS' KALYDORE
imparts a radiant bloom to the chest, and a delicacy and softness to the skin, and erad-
icates all cutaneous defects. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per Bottle.
ROWLANDS' ODONTO,
or Pearl Dentifrice, bestows on the Teeth a pearl-like whiteness, and gives a pleasing
fragrance to the Breath. Price 2s. 6d. per Box. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.
Ask for Rowlands' Articles, and avoid cheap imitations.

REASONABLE AND REASONABLE PRESENTS.
SANGSTER'S UMBRELLAS.
On Fox's Celebrated Frames, with Fox's Trade Marks.
S. and Co. have on hand for this Season a very large Stock of Umbrellas, of entirely new
patterns, which for lightness and durability cannot be surpassed, forming acceptable and
Useful Presents for Christmas or the New Year.
140, Regent-street; 75, Chesapeake (also Shipping Dépôt, wholesale price-lists on applica-
tion); 10, Royal Exchange; 94, Fleet-street.
N.B.—By special appointment to the Royal Family. Established A.D. 1777.
Five Prize Medals awarded.

THE PERFECTION OF LIGHT can only be obtained by
using GARDNERS' READING-LAMPS.
Prices from One Guinea complete. Catalogues post-free.
GARDNERS, LAMP MANUFACTURERS,
453 and 454, West Strand, Charing-cross.

GARDNERS' PATENT ASTRAL OIL, for burning in
any MINERAL OIL LAMP.
The best, the purest, the most economical. Price, by the cask, 2s. 6d. per gallon.
GARDNERS, OIL REFINERS,
453 and 454, West Strand, Charing-cross, London.

GARDNERS' DINNER SERVICES.—The One Thousand
and Two Pattern is a marvel of cheapness.
Coloured lithographs and drawings post-free on application.
GARDNERS, CHINA MANUFACTURERS,
453 and 454, West Strand, Charing-cross.

JENNER and KNEWSTUB'S NOVELTIES and
ELSGANCIES,
suitable as PRESENTS, include a large and varied Stock of Albums, Almanack Frames,
Card Trays, Chatelaines; a beautiful selection of Carriage and other Clocks of Jenner
and Knewstub's special design; Bags—Travelling Bags, Hand Bags, Waist Bags, with
antique Silver Frames, &c.; Caskets, Candelabra, Gold, Silver, and Plated Die-ling-Cases,
Despatch Boxes, Double Bottles, Elgin Writing Cases, Envelope Cases, Game and Bezique
Boxes, Jewel Cases, Miniature Cases, Mirrors, Norwegian and other Belts of artistic
design; with the Empress Umbrella and every useful and ornamental novelty in appendages
in gold, silver, enamel, plated, mosaic, &c.
Jenner and Knewstub, to the Queen,
33, St. James's-street, and 66, Jermyn-street.

COLT'S NEW GOVERNMENT ARMY PISTOL takes
the 450 Boxer Cartridge. It is the best pistol made. COLT'S DEKINERS, for
the waistcoat pocket. Illustrated Price-List free.—Colt's Firearms Company 14, Pall-
mall, London, & W.

E. M. REILLY and CO., of 502, New Oxford-street,
London, and 2, Rue Scribe, Paris, invite the attention of gentlemen to their exten-
sive Stock of Central-Fire and other Breech-Loading GUNS and RIFLES, with all the
latest Improvements, suitable for home and foreign use, at moderate prices. Having
manufactured these guns for several years and given general satisfaction induces them to
recommend the different qualities.
Revolvers—Breech-Loading, Central-Fire, Holster, Belt, and Pocket.
Single Breech-Loading Rifles, Military and Sporting Patterns, Westley-Richards,
Sniders, Martini-Henry, &c.
Muzzle-Loading Guns and Rifles at low prices. Duck-Guns, Air-Guns and Guns, Rock-
Rifles, &c.
Price-List on application.

THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL, in his report to the
Admiralty (Aug. 13 1870) on 40 Chronometers entered for annual competition, says
of M. F. DENT'S CHRONOMETER:—"This is the finest chronometer that we have ever
had on trial."—M. F. Dent, Chronometer, Watch, and Clock Maker to the Queen, 33,
Cockspur-street, Charing-cross. M. F. Dent's Patent Log Chronograph, as supplied to and
used by the Admiralty.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS.

HAMILTON and KIMPTON,
Tailors and Overcoat makers, 105, Strand.
Gentlemen can depend on the very best Materials at a Fair Price.
N.B.—No cheap, common goods kept at this Establishment.
105, Strand (opposite Exeter Hall).

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—This celebrated and most
delicious old mellow spirit is the very CREAM OF IRISH WHISKIES, in quality
unrivalled, perfectly pure, and more wholesome than the finest Cognac Brandy.
Note the Red Seal, Pink Label, and Cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky." Whole-
sale—20, Great Titchfield-street, Oxford-street, W.

COMPULSORY NOTICE.—It having come to the
knowledge of the undersigned that inferior wine is being circulated as, and
represented to be, the SPECIALITE SHERRY, certified by the "British Medical
Journal" to be "free from acidity and heat," and which has had the rare privilege to be
exhibited as a dietetic in the museum of the British Medical Association; the analysis
obtained by the Rev. Sir Edward Jodrell, Bart., from Professor Redwood, also certifies the
wine to "contain nothing foreign to the grape," for which important facts nearly 2000
physicians and surgeons adopt and are daily recommending this most agreeable wine for
its valuable dietetic qualities to persons who have "dyspepsia, gout (or uric acid) ten-
dencies"—the public are cautioned to notice that each cork and each label is stamped with
"Patton and Sons' Specialité Sherry.—F.R.S. & SONS, Proprietors and Importers of
the Spécialité Sherry (registered), 28, Conduit-street, London, Manchester, and Brighton.
By appointment to the Royal family. Established 69 years.
N.B.—The price of this wholesome, long-looked-for Wine is based upon the popular
"Cash Payment System," 30s. per dozen; 48s. quarter cask. Railway carriage paid.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE
(THE WORCESTERSHIRE).
Pronounced by Connoisseurs to be "the only good sauce," improves the appetite, and aids
digestion. Beware of imitations.
Sold wholesale by CROSSE and BLACKWELL, and retail by all Grocers and
Oilmen universally.

PURE AERATED WATERS.
ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.
Soda, Potash, Seltzer, Lemonade, Lithia, and, for Gout, Lithia and Potash.
Corks branded "R. Ellis and Son, Ruthin," and every label bears their trade mark.
Sold Everywhere; and Wholesale of
R. ELLIS and SON, Ruthin, North Wales.
London Agents—W. Best and Sons, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square.

COALS, IRON, and LIME.
Works: Clay Cross, Chesterfield.
Chief Office: 12, Burwood-place, Edgeware-road, London, W.
Sale of Coal upwards of 250,000 tons per annum.
Cash on delivery.
All orders to Chief Office as above.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.
Instantly relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption,
Coughs, Colds, Gout, Rheumatism, and all nervous pains.
Price 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box, of all Druggists.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA, the best Remedy
for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion; and as a
mild aperient for delicate constitutions.—172, New Bond-street, London; and all Chemists.

LANGDALE'S ETHYL and CANTHARIDINE will
reproduce, thicken, and prevent the Hair falling off; also rapidly promote the
Growth of Whiskers, Moustaches, &c. From Dr. J. C. B. Williams, F.R.S., 45, Upper
Brook-street, W.—"I use and recommend your Cantharidine for restoring the hair."
Dr. Roberts, 66, Manchester-street, W.—"The best stimulant for the hair that can be
invented." Sir W. J. Hooker, F.R.S., Royal Gardens, Kew.—"Scientific, ingenious, and
useful to mankind." The late Earl of Limerick.—"A most valuable chemical compound."
Mrs. N. Murray, Castle Philliphaugh, N.B.—"I have used the hair-restorer with astonish-
ing success." J. G. Stoddart, Chemist, 5, Grassmarket, Edinburgh.—"I never saw any-
thing bring out the young hairs on the face so rapidly." Of all Chemists; or post-free
2s. 6d.—Laboratory, 72, Hatton-garden, London.

"A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO PAPA AND MAMMA!"

O father dear! O mother tender!
On this blest morn
When Christ was born
We come our grateful thanks to render.
Here to your chamber gently stealing,
May our small cry
Be heard on high
While Christmas bells are gladly pealing!
Ding dong ding!

Dear parents! may no deeper sorrows
Your lives enshroud
Than passing cloud,
Made golden in the light it borrows!
As birds anew burst into singing
When rain departs,
So may your hearts
Sing as the Christmas bells are ringing!
Ding dong ding!

And that your bliss may be completer,
May our love bless
Your tenderness,
And every day our lives grow sweeter!
May goodness in our bosoms dwelling
Wake in us three
Such melody
As now from every tower is welling!
Ding dong ding!

Teach us your willing self-surrender!
So Love's own hues
Will interfuse
Our very being with their splendour.
And now, with joy-bells gaily leaping,
With one accord
We praise the Lord
Who holds us in his gracious keeping.
Ding dong ding!

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

List to the music of the bells!
What fascination in them dwells!
How untranslatable their voice,
Whether they bid the soul rejoice,
As now, with tireless iteration
Of most ecstatic jubilation,
They gladden, madden all the air
With the triumphant news they bear;
Or, grimly slow, the passing bell
Makes listeners shudder with its knell!
Great joy or sorrow, love or hate,
Is mostly inarticulate:
Delight bursts forth in some glad cry,
Love's readiest language is a sigh,
Mild sorrow takes the ringdove's moan,
While anguish speaks in deep-wrung groan.

So Christmas bells their tidings tell,
By mere words inexpressible.
Hark! *Ding ding ding, ding ding ding!*
How joyously the notes take wing;
With what a hubbub of delight
Do they precipitate their flight;
As quick-poured notes of lark or thrush,
They jostling crowd in one wild rush,
And their tornado of sweet sound
Smites with keen throbs the air around,
Till every ravished ear drinks in
The jubilant, tumultuous din.
Such the glad hurly-burly when
From every clanging tower and steeple
Is rung the message to all people
Of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

JOHN LATEY.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

The creature comforts we at Christmas find
Not equally our fellow-creatures share;
The docile beasts, that humbly serve mankind,
Too oft, in chill December, coldly fare.
The wind of winter strews a veil of snow
O'er the bleak surface of the silent field;
A roof-shed, with three open sides below,
May not the very snuggest shelter yield.
But here stands Captain, who for many a day
Has toiled at plough, or dragged the market-load;
My sister Jenny, too, whose cheerful bray
I loved to hear, while passing on the road;
Her pining foal, that scarcely is kept warm
By pressure of the Mother's neck and breast;
And the sad sheep, that shun the bitter storm,
Though each in thickest woollen fully dressed.
Poor brutes, I pity you! Were I the Squire
Who owns this land, or Farmer with a lease,
You should be housed, like dairy-cows in byre,
To munch your food in comfort and in peace.
"One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,"
Taught by what Nature to the heart reveals;
Man should not disregard, in selfish pride,
"The sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

E. K. S.

GEORGE BOWRING.

A TALE OF CADER IDRIS.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAID OF SKER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

When I was a young man, and full of spirits, some forty years ago or more, I lost my best and truest friend, in a very sad and mysterious way. The greater part of my life has been darkened by this heavy blow and loss, and the blame which I poured upon myself for my own share in the matter.

George Bowring had been seven years with me at the fine old school of Shrewsbury, and trod on my heels from form to form so closely, that when I became at last the captain of the school he was second to me. I was his elder by half a year, and "sapped" very hard, while he laboured little; so that it will be plain at a glance, although he never acknowledged it, that he was the better endowed of the two with natural ability. At that time we of Salop always expected to carry everything, so far as pure scholarship was concerned, at both the Universities. But nowadays I am grieved to see that schools of quite a different stamp (such as Rugby and Harrow, and even Marlborough, and worst of all peddling Manchester) have been running our boys hard, and sometimes almost beating them. And how have they done it? Why, by purchasing masters of our prime rank and special style.

George and myself were at one time likely, and pretty well relied upon, to keep up the fame of Sabrina's crown, and hold our own at Oxford. But suddenly it so fell out that both of us were cut short of classics, and flung into this unclassic world. In the course of our last half year at school, and when we were both taking final polish to stand for Balliol scholarships, which we were almost sure to win, as all the examiners were Shrewsbury men; not that they would be partial to us, but because we knew all their questions—within a week, both George and I were forced to leave the dear old school, the grand old town, the lovely Severn, and everything but one another.

He lost his father; I lost my uncle, a gentleman in Derbyshire, who had well provided my education; but, having a family of his own, could not be expected to leave me much. And he left me even less than could, from his own point of view, have been rational. It is true that he had seven children; but still a man of £15,000 a year might have done, without injustice—or, I might say, with better justice—something more than to leave his nephew a sum which, after much pushing about into divers insecurities, fetched £72 10s. per annum.

Nevertheless, I am truly grateful; though, perhaps, at the time I had not that knowledge of the world which enlarges the grateful organs. It cannot matter what my feelings were, and I never was mercenary. All my sentiments at that period ran in Greek senarii; and perhaps it would show how good and lofty boys were in that ancient time—though now they are only rude Solecists—if I were to set these verses down. But, after much consideration, I find it wiser to keep them in.

George Bowring's father had some appointment well up in the Treasury. He seems to have been at some time knighted for finding a manuscript of great value that went in the end to the paper-mills. How he did it, or what it was, or whether he ever did it at all, were questions for no one to meddle with. People in those days had larger minds than they ever seem to exhibit now. The King might tap a man, and say "Rise, Sir Joseph," and all the journals of the age, or, at least the next day, would echo "Sir Joseph!" And really he was worthy of it. A knight he lived, and a knight he died; and his widow found it such a comfort.

And now on his father's sudden death, George Bowring was left not so very well off. Sir Joseph had lived, as a knight should do, in a free-handed, errant, and chivalrous style; and what he left behind him made it lucky that the title dropped. George, however, was better placed, as regards the world, than I was; but not so very much as to make a difference between us. Having always held together, and being started in life together, we resolved to face the world (as other people are always called), side by side, and with a friendship that should make us as good as one.

This, however, did not come out exactly as it should have done. Many things arose between us—such as diverse occupation, different hours of work and food, and a little split in the taste of trousers, which, of course, should not have been. He liked the salvage down his legs, while I thought it unartistic, and, going much into the graphic line, I pressed my objections strongly.

But George, in the handsomest manner—as now, looking back on the case, I acknowledge—waived my objections, and insisted as little as he could upon his own. And again we became as tolerant as any two men, at all alike, can be of one another.

He, by some postern of influence, got into some dry ditch of the Treasury, and there, as in an old castle-moat, began to be at home, and move, gently and after his seniors, as the young ducks follow the old ones. And at every waddle he got more money.

My fortune, however, was not so nice. I had no Sir Joseph, of Treasury cellars, to light me with his name and memory into a snug cell of my own. I had nothing to look to but courage, and youth, and education, and three quarters of a hundred pounds a year, with some little change to give out of it. Yet why should I have doubted? Now, I wonder at my own misgivings; yet all of them still return upon me, if I ever am persuaded just to try Welsh rabbit. Enough, that I got on at last, to such an extent that the man at the dairy offered me half a year's milk for a sketch of a cow that had never belonged to him.

George, meanwhile, having something better than a brush for a walking-stick and an easel to sit down upon, had taken unto himself a wife—a lady as sweet and bright as could be—by name Emily Atkinson. In truth, she was such a charm-

ing person that I myself, in a quiet way, had taken a very great fancy to her before George Bowring saw her; but, as soon as I found what a desperate state the heart of poor George was reduced to, and came to remember that he was fitted by money to marry, while I was not, it appeared to me my true duty towards the young lady and him, and even myself, to withdraw from the field, and have nothing to say if they set up their horses together.

So George married Emily, and could not imagine why it was that I strove in vain to appear as his "best man," at the rails where they do it.

For, though I had ordered a blue coat and buttons, and a cashmere waistcoat (amber-coloured, with a braid of pæonies) yet at the last moment my courage failed me, and I was caught with a shivering in the knees, which the doctor said was ague. This and that shyness of dining at his house (which I thought it expedient to adopt during the years of his married life) created some little reserve between us, though hardly so bad as our first disagreement concerning the stripe down the pantaloons.

However, before that dereliction I had made my friend a wedding present, as was right and proper—a present such as nothing less than a glorious windfall could have enabled me to buy. For while engaged, some three years back, upon a grand historical painting of Cœur de Lion and Saladin, now to be seen—but let that pass; posterity will always know where to find it—I was harassed in mind perpetually concerning the grain of the fur of a cat. To the dashing young artists of the present day this may seem a trifle; to them, no doubt, a cat is a cat—or would be, if they could make it one. Of course there are cats enough in London, and sometimes even a few to spare; but I wanted a cat of peculiar order, and of a Saracenic cast. I walked miles and miles; till at last I found him residing in a very old-fashioned house in the Polygon, at Somers Town. Here was a genuine paradise of cats, carefully ministered to and guarded by a maiden lady of Portuguese birth and of advanced maturity. Each of these nine cats possessed his own stool—a mahogany stool, with a velvet cushion, and his name embroidered upon it in beautiful letters of gold. And every day they sat round the fire to digest their dinners, all nine of them, each on his proper stool, some purring, some washing their faces, and some blinking or nodding drowsily. But I need not have spoken of this, except that one of them was called "Saladin." He was the very cat I wanted. I made his acquaintance in the area, and followed it up on the knife-boy's board. And then I had the most happy privilege of saving him from a tail-pipe. Thus my entrance was secured into this feline Eden; and the lady was so well pleased that she gave me an order for nine full-length cat portraits, at the handsome price of ten guineas apiece. And not only this, but at her demise—which followed, alas! too speedily—she left me £150, as a proof of esteem and affection.

This sum I divided into three equal parts—fifty pounds for a present for George, another fifty for a duty to myself, and the residue to be put by for any future purposes. I knew that my friend had no gold watch; neither, of course, did I possess one. In those days a gold watch was thought a good deal of, and made an impression in society, as a three hundred-guinea ring does now. Barwise was then considered the best watchmaker in London, and perhaps in the world. So I went to his shop, and chose two gold watches of good size and substance—none of your trumpery catchpenny things; the size of a gilt pill trodden upon—at the price of fifty guineas each. As I took the pair, the foreman let me have them for a hundred pounds, including also in that figure a handsome gold key for each, of exactly the same pattern, and a guard for the fob of watered black silk ribbon.

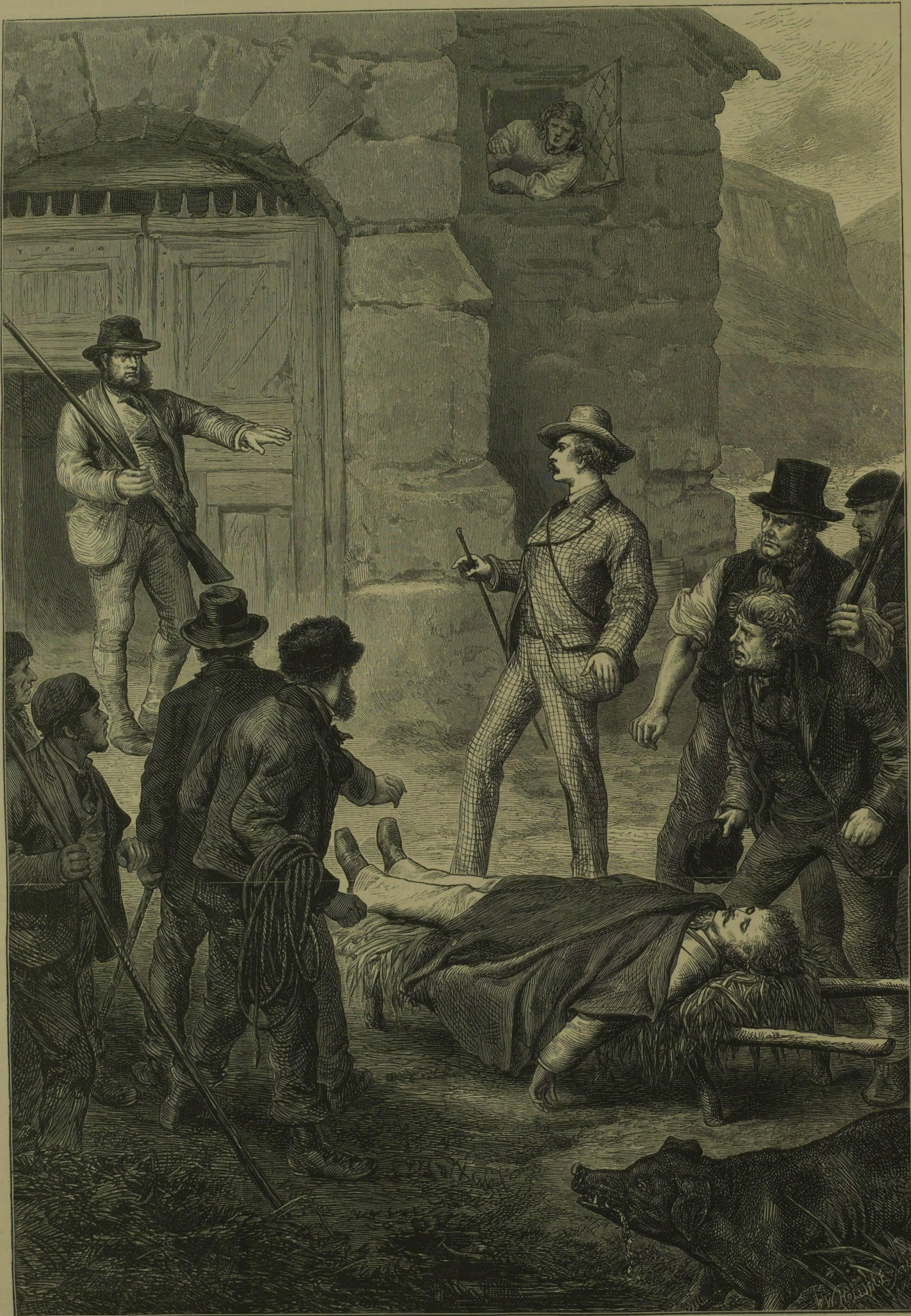
My reason for choosing these two watches, out of a trayful of similar quality, was perhaps a little whimsical—viz., that the numbers they bore happened to be sequents. Each had its number engraved on its white enamel dial, in small but very clear figures, placed a little above the central spindle; also upon the extreme verge, at the nadir below the seconds hand, the name of the maker, "Barwise, London." They were not what are called "hunting-watches," but had strong and very clear lunette glasses fixed in rims of substantial gold. And their respective numbers were 7777 and 7778.

Carrying these in wash-leather bags, I gave George Bowring his choice of the two; and he chose the one with four figures of seven, making some little joke about it, not good enough to repeat, nor even bad enough to laugh at.

CHAPTER II.

For six years after this all went smoothly with George Bowring and myself. We met almost daily, although we did not lodge together (as once we had done) nor spend the evening hours together, because, of course, he had now his home and family rising around him. By the summer of 1832 he had three children and was expecting a fourth at no very distant time. His eldest son was named after me, "Robert Bistre," for such is my name, which I have often thought of changing. Not that the name is at all a bad one, as among friends and relations, but that when I am addressed by strangers "Mr. Bistre" has a jingling sound, suggestive of childish levity. "Sir Robert Bistre," however, would sound uncommonly well; and (as some people say) less eminent artists—but perhaps, after all, I am not so very old as to be in a hurry.

In the summer of 1832—as elderly people will call to mind, and the younger sort will have heard or read—the cholera broke over London like a bursting meteor. Such panic had not been known, I believe, since the time of the plague, in the reign of Charles II., as painted (beyond any skill of the brush) by the simple and wonderful pen of Defoe. There had been in the interval many seasons—or at least I am informed so—of sickness more widely spread, and of death more frequent, if not so sudden. But now this new plague, attacking so harshly a man's most perceptive and valued part, drove rich people out of London faster than horses (not being attacked) could fly. Well, used as I was to a good deal of poison in dealing with



"You cannot enter this house," he said. . . . "My little daughter is very ill. . . . You must go elsewhere."

"GEORGE BOWRING: A TALE OF CADER IDRIS."—DRAWN BY A. HUNT.



THE SEA KING'S CASTLE.—DRAWN BY S. READ.

my colours, I felt no alarm on my own account, but was anxious about my landlady. This was an excellently-honest woman of fifty-five summers at the utmost, but weakly confessing to as much as forty. She had made a point of insisting upon a brisket of beef and a flat-polled cabbage for dinner every Saturday; and the same, with a cowcumber, cold, on Sunday; and for supper a soft-roed herring, ever since her widowhood.

"Mrs. Whitehead," said I—for that was her name, though he said she did not deserve it; and her hair confirmed her in that position by growing darker from year to year—"Madam, allow me to beg you to vary your diet a little at this sad time."

"I varies it every day, Mr. Bistre," she answered somewhat snappishly. "The days of the week is not so many but what they all come round again."

For the moment I did not quite perceive the precision of her argument; but after her death I was able to do more justice to her intellect. And, unhappily, she was removed to a better world on the following Sunday.

To a man in London of quiet habits and regular ways and periods there scarcely can be a more desperate blow than the loss of his landlady. It is not only that his conscience pricks him for all his narrow, plagiaristic, and even irrational suspicions about the low level of his tea-caddy, or a neap tide in his brandy-bottle, or any false evidence of the eyes (which ever go spying to look up the heart), or the ears, which are also wicked organs—these memories truly are grievous to him, and make him yearn now to be robbed again; but what he feels most sadly is the desolation of having nobody who understands his locks. One of the best men I ever knew was so plagued with his sideboard every day for two years, after dinner, that he married a little new maid-of-all-work—because she was a blacksmith's daughter.

Nothing of that sort, however, occurred in my case, I am proud to say. But finding myself in a helpless state, without anyone to be afraid of, I had only two courses before me: either to go back to my former landlady (who was almost too much of a Tartar, perhaps), or else to run away from my rooms till Providence provided a new landlady.

Now, in this dilemma I met George Bowring, who saw my distress, and most kindly pressed me to stay at his house till some female arose to manage my affairs for me. This, of course, I declined to do, especially under present circumstances; and, with mutual pity, we parted. But the very next day he sought me out, in a quiet nook where a few good artists were accustomed to meet and think; and there he told me that really now he saw his way to cut short my troubles as well as his own, and to earn a piece of enjoyment and profit for both of us. And I happen to remember his very words.

"You are cramped in your hand, my dear fellow," said he (for in those days youths did not call each other "old man"—with sad sense of their own decrepitude). "Bob, you are losing your freedom of touch. You must come out of these stony holes, and look at a rocky mountain."

My heart gave a jump at these words; and yet I had been too much laid flat by facts—"sat upon," is the slang of these last twenty years, and in the present dearth of invention must serve, no doubt, for another twenty—I say that I had been used as a cushion by so many landladies and maids-of-all-work (who take not an hour to find out where they need do no work), that I could not fetch my breath to think of ever going up a mountain.

"I will leave you to think of it, Bob," said George, putting his hat on carefully; "I am bound for time, and you seem to be nervous. Consult your pillow, my dear fellow; and peep into your old stocking and see whether you can afford it."

That last hit settled me. People said, in spite of all my generous acts—and nobody knows, except myself, the frequency and the extent of these—without understanding the merits of the case—perfect (or rather imperfect) strangers said that I was stingy! To prove the contrary, I resolved to launch into great expenditure, and to pay coach fare all the way from London towards the nearest mountain.

Half the inhabitants now were rushing helter-skelter out of London, and very often to seaside towns where the smell of fish destroyed them. And those who could not get away were shuddering at the blinds drawn down, and huddling away from the mutes at the doors, and turning pale at the funeral bells. And some, who had never thought twice before of their latter end, now began to dwell with so much unction upon it, that Providence graciously spared them the waste of perpetual preparation.

Among the rest, George Bowring had been scared, far more than he liked to own, by the sudden death of his butcher, between half a dozen chops for cutlets and the trimming of a wing-bone. George's own cook had gone down with the order, and meant to bring it all back herself, because she knew what butchers do when left to consider their subject. And Mrs. Tompkins was so alarmed that she gave only six hours' notice to leave, though her husband was far on the salt-sea wave, according to her own account, and she had none to make her welcome except her father's second wife. This broke up the household; and hence it was that George tempted me so with the mountains.

For he took his wife and children to an old manor-house in Berkshire, belonging to two maiden aunts of the lady, who promised to see to all that might happen, but wanted no gentleman in the house at a period of such delicacy. George Bowring, therefore, agreed to meet me on the 12th day of September, at the inn in Reading—I forget its name—where the Regula or coach (belonging to the old company, and leaving White Horse Cellars at half-past nine in the morning) allowed a hour to dine, from one o'clock onwards, as the roads might be. And here I found him, and we supped at Oxford, and did very well at the Mitre. On the following morning we took coach for Shrewsbury, as we had agreed, and, reaching the town before dark, put up at the Talbot Inn, and sauntered into the dear old school, to see what the lads had been at since our time; for their names and their exploits, at Oxford and Cambridge, are scored in large letters upon the

panels, from the year 1806 and onward, so that soon there will be no place to register any more of them; and we found that though we ourselves had done nothing, many fine fellows had been instituted in letters of higher humanity, and were holding up the old standard, so that we longed to invite them to dinner. But discipline must be maintained; and that word means, more than anything else, the difference of men's ages.

Now, at Shrewsbury, we had resolved to cast off all further heed of coaches; and knowing the country pretty well, or recalling it from our childhood, to strike away on foot for some of the mountain wildernesses. Of these, in those days, nobody knew much more than that they were high and steep, and slippery and dangerous, and much to be shunned by all sensible people who liked a nice fire and the right side of the window. So that when we shouldered staves with knapsacks flapping heavily, all the wiser sort looked on us as marching off to Bedlam.

In the morning, as we were starting, we set our watches by the old school-dial, as I have cause to remember well. And we staked half a crown, in a sporting manner, each on his own watch, to be the truer by sun, upon our way back again. And thus we left those ancient walls and the glancing of the river, and stoutly took the Welshpool road, dreading nought except starvation.

Although in those days I was not by any means a cripple, George was far stronger of arm and leg, having always been famous, though we made no fuss about such things then, for running and jumping, and lifting weights, and using the boxing-gloves and the foils. A fine brave fellow as ever lived, with a short, straight nose and a resolute chin, he touched the measuring-bar quite fairly at seventy-four inches, and turned the scales at fourteen stone and a quarter. And so, as my chattels weighed more than his (by means of a rough old easel and material for rude sketches), he did me a good turn now and then by changing packs for a mile or two. And thus we came in four days' march to Aber-Aydyr, a village lying under Cader Idris.

CHAPTER III.

If any place ever lay out of the world, and was proud of itself for doing so, this little village of Aber-Aydyr must have been very near it. The village was built, as the people expressed it, of thirty cottages, one public-house, one shop universal, and two chapels. The torrent of the Aydyr entered with a roar of rapids, and at the lower end departed in a thunder of cascades. The natives were all so accustomed to live in the thick of this watery uproar that whenever they left their beloved village to see the inferior outer world they found themselves as deaf as posts till they came to a weir or a waterfall. And they told us that in the scorching summer of the year 1826 their river had failed them so that for nearly a month they could only discourse by signs; and they used to stand on the bridge and point at the shrunken rapids, and stop their ears to exclude that horrible emptiness. Till a violent thunderstorm broke up the drought, and the river came down roaring; and the next day all Aber-Aydyr was able to gossip again as usual.

Finding these people, who lived altogether upon slate, of a quaint and original turn, George Bowring and I resolved to halt and rest the soles of our feet a little, and sketch and fish the neighbourhood. For George had brought his rod and tackle, and many a time had he wanted to stop and set up his rod and begin to cast; but I said that I would not be cheated so: he had promised me a mountain, and would he put me off with a river? Here, however, we had both delights; the river for him and the mountain for me. As for the fishing, all that he might have, and I would grudge him none of it, if he fairly divided whatever he caught. But he must not expect me to follow him always and watch all his dainty manœuvring; each was to carry and eat his own dinner, whenever we made a day of it, so that he might keep to his flies and his water, while I worked away with my brush at the mountains. And thus we spent a most pleasant week, though we knew very little of Welsh and the slaters spoke but little English. But (much as they are maligned because they will not have strangers to work with them) we found them a thoroughly civil, obliging, and rather intelligent set of men; most of them also of a respectable and religious turn of mind; and they scarcely ever poach, except on Saturdays and Mondays.

On Sept. 25, as we sat at breakfast in the little sanded parlour of the Cross-Pipes public-house, our bed-room being overhead, my dear friend complained to me that he was tired of fishing so long up and down one valley, and asked me to come with him further up, into wilder and rockier districts, where the water ran deeper (as he had been told) and the trout were less worried by quarrymen. Because it was such a savage place, deserted by all except evil spirits, that even the Aber-Aydyr slaters could not enjoy the fishing there. I promised him gladly to come, only keeping the old understanding between us, that each should attend to his own pursuits and his own opportunities mainly; so that George might stir most when the trout rose well, and I when the shadows fell properly. And thus we set forth about nine o'clock of a bright and cheerful morning, while the sun, like a courtly perruquier of the reign of George II., was lifting, and shifting, and setting in order the vapoury curls of the mountains.

We trudged along thus at a merry swing, for the freshness of autumnal dew was sparkling in the valley, until we came to a rocky pass, where walking turned to clambering. After an hour of sharpish work among slaty shelves and threatening crags, we got into one of those trough-like hollows hung on each side with precipices, which look as if the earth had sunk for the sake of letting the water through. On our left hand, cliff towered over cliff to the grand height of Pen y Cader, the steepest and most formidable aspect of the mountain. Rock piled on rock, and shingle cast in naked waste disdainfully, and slippery channels scooped by torrents of tempestuous waters, forbade one to desire all to have anything more to do with them—except, of course, to get them painted at a proper distance, so that they might hang at last in the dining-

rooms of London, to give people appetite with sense of hungry breezes, and to make them comfortable with the sight of danger.

"This is very grand indeed," said George, as he turned to watch me; for the worst part of our business is to have to give an opinion always upon points of scenery. But I am glad that I was not cross, or even crisp with him that day.

"It is magnificent," I answered; "and I see a piece of soft sward there, where you can set up your rod, old fellow, while I get my sticks in trim. Let us fill our pipes and watch the shadows; they do not fall quite to suit me yet."

"How these things make one think," cried Bowring, as we sat on a stone and smoked, "of the miserable littleness of men like you and me, Bob."

"Speak for yourself, Sir," I said, laughing at his unaccustomed, but by no means novel, reflection. "I am quite contented with my size, although I am smaller than you, George. Dissatisfied mortal! Nature wants no increase of us, or she would have had it."

"In another world we shall be much larger," he said, with his eyes on the tops of the hills. "Last night I dreamed that my wife and children were running to meet me in heaven, Bob."

"Tush! You go and catch fish," I replied; for tears were in his large, soft eyes, and I hated the sentimental. "Would they ever let such a little Turk as Bob Bistre into heaven, do you think? My godson would shout all the angels deaf and outdrum all the cherubim."

"Poor little chap! He is very noisy; but he is not half a bad sort," said George. "If he only comes like his godfather I shall wish no better luck for him."

These were kind words, and I shook his hand to let him know that I felt them; and then, as if he were ashamed of having talked rather weakly, he took with his strong legs a dangerous leap of some ten or twelve feet downward, and landed on a narrow ledge that overhung the river. Here he put his rod together, and I heard the click of reel as he drew the loop at the end of the line through the rings, and so on; and I heard him cry "Chut!" as he took his flies from his Scotch cap and found a tangle; and I saw the glistening of his rod, as the sunshine pierced the valley, and then his tall, straight figure pass the corner of a crag that stood as upright as a tombstone; and after that no more of any live and bright George Bowring.

CHAPTER IV.

Swift is the flight of Time whenever a man would fain lay hold of him. All created beings, from Behemoth to a butterfly, dread and fly (as best they may) that universal butcher—man. And as nothing is more carefully killed by the upper sort of mankind than Time, how can he help making off for his life when anybody wants to catch him?

Of course, I am not of that upper sort, and make no pretence to be so; but Time, perhaps, may be excused for thinking—having had such a very short turn at my clothes—that I belonged to the aristocracy. At any rate, while I drew, and rubbed, and dubbed, and made hieroglyphics, Time was uneasily shifting and shuffling the lines of the hills, as a fever patient jerks and works the bed-clothes. And, worse than that, he was scurrying westward (frightened, no doubt, by the equinox) at such a pace that I was scared by the huddling together of shadows. Awakening from a long, long dream—through which I had been working hard, and laying the foundations of a thousand pounds hereafter—I felt the invisible damp of evening settling in the valleys. The Sun, from over the sea, had still his hand on Cader Idris; but every inferior head and height was grey in the sweep of his mantle.

I threw my hair back—for an artist really should be picturesque; and, having no other beauty, must be firm to long hair, while it lasts—and then I shouted, "George!" until the strata of the mountain (which dip and jag, like veins of oak) began and sluggishly prolonged a slow zig-zag of echoes. No counter-echo came to me; no ring of any sonorous voice made crag, and precipice, and mountain vocal with the sound of "Bob!"

"He must have gone back. What a fool I must be never to remember seeing him! He saw that I was full of rubbish, and he would not disturb me. He is gone back to the Cross-Pipes, no doubt. And yet it does not seem like him."

"To look for a pin in a bundle of hay" would be a job of sense and wisdom rather than to seek a thing so very small as a very big man among the depth, and height, and breadth of river, shingle, stone, and rock, crag, precipice, and mountain. And so I doubled up my things, while the very noise they made in doubling flurried and alarmed me; and I thought it was not like George to leave me to find my way back all alone, among the deep bogs, and the whirlpools, and the trackless tracts of crag.

When I had got my fardel ready, and was about to shoulder it, the sound of brisk, short steps, set sharply upon doubtful footing, struck my ear, through the roar of the banks and stones that shook with waterfall. And before I had time to ask "Who goes there?"—as in this solitude one might do—a slight, short man, whom I knew by sight as a workman of Aber-Aydyr, named Evan Peters, was close to me, and was swinging a slate-hammer in one hand, and bore in the other a five-foot staff. He seemed to be amazed at sight of me, but touched his hat with his staff, and said, "Good-night, gentleman!" in Welsh; for the natives of this part are very polite. "Good-night, Evan!" I answered, in his own language, of which I had picked up a little; and he looked well pleased, and said, in his English, "For why, Sir, did you leave your things in that place there? A bad mans come and steal them, it is very likely."

Then he wished me "Good-night" again, and was gone—for he seemed to be in a dreadful hurry—before I had the sense to ask him what he meant about "my things." But as his footfall died away a sudden fear came over me.

"The things he meant must be George Bowring's," I said to myself; and I dropped my own, and set off, with my blood all tingling, for the place towards which he had jerked his staff. How long it took me to force my way among rugged

rocks and stubs of oak I cannot tell, for every moment was an hour to me. But a streak of sunset glanced along the lonesome gorge, and cast my shadow further than my voice would go; and by it I saw something long and slender against a scar of rock, and standing far in front of me. Towards this I ran as fast as ever my trembling legs would carry me, for I knew too well that it must be the fishing-rod of George Bowring.

It was stuck in the ground—not carelessly, nor even in any hurry; but as a sportsman makes all snug, when for a time he leaves off casting. For instance, the end fly was fixed in the lowest ring of the butt, and the slack of the line reeled up so that the collar lay close to the rod itself. Moreover, in such a rocky place, a bed to receive the spike could not have been found without some searching. For a moment I was reassured. Most likely George himself was near—perhaps in quest of blueberries (which abound at the foot of the shingles and are a very delicious fruit), or of some rare fern to send his wife, who was one of the first in England to take much notice of them. And it shows what confidence I had in my friend's activity and strength, that I never feared the likely chance of his falling from some precipice.

But just as I began, with some impatience—for we were to have dined at the Cross-Pipes about sundown, five good (or very bad) miles away, and a brace of ducks was the order—just as I began to shout, "George! Wherever have you got to?" leaping on a little rock, I saw a thing that stopped me. At the further side of this rock, and below my feet, was a fishing-basket, and a half-pint mug nearly full of beer, and a crust of the brown, sweet bread of the hills, and a young white onion, half cut through, and a clasp-knife open, and a screw of salt, and a slice of the cheese, just dashed with goat's milk, which George was so fond of, but I disliked; and there may have been a hard-boiled egg. At the sight of these things all my blood rushed to my head in such a manner that all my power to think was gone. I sat down on the rock where George must have sat while beginning his frugal luncheon, and I put my heels into the marks of his, and, without knowing why, I began to sob like a child who has lost his mother. What train of reasoning went through my brain—if any passed in the obscurity—let metaphysicians or psychologists, as they call themselves, pretend to know. I only know that I kept on whispering, "George is dead! Unless he had been killed, he never would have left his beer so!"

I must have sat, making a fool of myself, a considerable time in this way, thinking of George's poor wife and children, and wondering what would become of them, instead of setting to work at once, to know what was become of him. I took up a piece of cheese-rind showing a perfect impression of his fine front teeth, and I put it in my pocket-book, as the last thing he had touched. And then I examined the place all around, and knelt to look for footmarks, though the light was sadly waning.

For the moment I discovered nothing of footstep or other trace to frighten or to comfort me. A little narrow channel (all of rock, and stone, and slaty stuff) sloped to the river's brink, which was not more than five yards distant. In this channel I saw no mark, except that some of the smaller stones appeared to have been turned over; and then I looked into the river itself, and saw a force of water sliding smoothly into a rocky pool.

"If he had fallen in there," I said, "he would have leaped out again in two seconds; or, even if the force of the water had carried him down into that deep pool, he can swim like a duck—of course he can. What river could ever drown you, George?"

And then I remembered how at Salop he used to swim the flooded Severn when most of us feared to approach the banks; and I knew that he could not be drowned, unless something first had stunned him. And after that I looked around, and my heart was full of terror.

"It is a murder!" I cried aloud, though my voice among the rocks might well have brought like fate upon me. "As sure as I stand here, and God is looking down upon me, this is a black murder!"

In what way I got back that night to Aber-Aydyr I know not. All I remember is that the people would not come out of their houses to me, according to some superstition, which was not explained till morning; and, being unable to go to bed, I took a blanket, and lay down beneath a dry arch of the bridge, and the Aydyr, as swiftly as a spectre gliding, hushed me with a melancholy song.

CHAPTER V.

Now, as sure as ever I lay beneath the third arch of Aber-Aydyr Bridge, in a blanket of Welsh serge, or flannel, with a double border, so surely did I see, and not dream, what I am going to tell you.

The river ran from east to west; and the moon, being now the harvest moon, was not very high, but large and full, and just gliding over the crest of the hill that overhangs the quarry-pit; so that, if I can put it plainly, the moon was across the river from me, and striking the turbulent water athwart, so that her face, or a glimmer thereof, must have been lying upon the river if any smooth place had been left for it. But of this there was no chance, because the whole of the river was in a rush, according to its habit, and covered with bubbles, and froth, and furrows, even where it did not splash, and spout, and leap, as it loved to do. In the depth of the night, when even the roar of the water seemed drowsy and indolent, and the calm trees stooped with their heavy limbs overhanging the darkness languidly; and only a few rays of the moon, like the fluttering of a silver bird, moved in and out the mesh-work, I leaned upon my elbow, and I saw the dead George Bowring.

He came from the pit of the river towards me, quietly and without stride or step, gliding over the water like a mist, or the vapour of a calm white frost; and he stopped at the ripple where the shore began, and he looked at me very peacefully. And I felt neither fear nor doubt of him, any more than I do of this pen in my hand.

"George," I said, "I have been uneasy all the day about you, and I cannot sleep, and I have had no comfort. What has made you treat me so?"

He seemed to be anxious to explain, having always been so straightforward; but an unknown hand or the power of death held him, so that he could only smile. And then it appeared to me as if he pointed to the water first and then to the sky, with such an import that I understood (as plainly as if he had pronounced it) that his body lay under the one and his soul was soaring on high through the other; and, being forbidden to speak, he spread his hands, as if intrusting me with all that had belonged to him; and then he smiled once more, and faded into the whiteness of the froth and foam.

And then I knew that I had been holding converse, face to face, with death; and icy fear shook me, and I strove in vain to hide my eyes from everything. And when I awoke in the morning there was a grey trunk of an alder-tree, just George Bowring's height and size, on the other side of the water, so that I could have no doubt that himself had been there.

After a search of about three hours we found the body of my dear friend in a deep black pool of the Aydyr, not the first hole below the place in which he sat down to his luncheon, but nearly a hundred yards further down, where a bold cliff jutted out and bent the water scornfully. Our quarrymen would not search this pool until the sunlight fell on it, because it was a place of dread with a legend hovering over it. "The giant's tombstone" was the name of the crag that overhung it; and the story was that the giant Idris, when he grew worn out with age, chose this rock out of many others near the top of his mountain, and laid it under his arm and came down here to drink of the Aydyr. He drank the Aydyr dry because he was feverish and flushed with age; and he set down the crag in a hole he had scooped with the palms of his hands for more water; and then he lay down on his back, and Death (who never could reach to his knee when he stood) took advantage of his posture to drive home the javelin. And thus he lay dead with the crag for his headstone, and the weight of his corpse sank a grave for itself in the channel of the river, and the toes of his boots are still to be seen after less than a mile of the valley.

Under this headstone of Idris lay the body of George Bowring, fair and comely, with the clothes all perfect, and even the light cap still on the head. And as we laid it upon the grass, reverently and carefully, the face, although it could smile no more, still appeared to wear a smile, as if the new world were its home, and death a mere trouble left far behind. Even the eyes were open, and their expression was not of fright or pain, but pleasant and bright, with a look of interest such as a man pays to his food.

"Stand back, all of you," I said sternly; "none shall examine him but myself. Now all of you note what I find here."

I searched all his pockets one after another; and tears came again to my eyes as I counted not less than eleven of them, for I thought of the fuss we used to make with the Shrewsbury tailor about them. There was something in every pocket, but nothing of any importance at present, except his purse, and a letter from his wife, for which he had walked to Dolgelly and back on the last entire day of his life.

"It is a hopeless mystery!" I exclaimed aloud, as the Welshmen gazed with superstitious awe and doubt. "He is dead as if struck by lightning, but there was no storm in the valley!"

"No, no, sure enough; no storm was there. But it is plain to see what has killed him!" This was Evan Peters, the quarryman, and I glanced at him very suspiciously. "Iss, sure, plain enough," said another; and then they all broke into Welsh, with much gesticulation; and "e-ah, e-ah," and "otty, otty," and "hanool, hanool," were the sounds they made, at least to an ignorant English ear.

"What do you mean, you fools?" I asked, being vexed at their offhand way of settling things so far beyond them. "Can you pretend to say what it was?"

"Indeed then, and indeed my gentleman, it is no use to talk no more. It was the Caroline Morgan."

"Which is the nearest house?" I asked, for I saw that some of them were already girding up their loins to fly, at the mere sound of that fearful name; for the cholera morbus had scared the whole country; and if one were to fly, all the rest would follow, as swiftly as mountain sheep go. "Be quick to the nearest house, my friends, and we will send for the doctor."

This was a lucky hit; for these Cambrians never believed in anyone's death until he had "taken the doctor." And so with much courage and kindness, "to give the poor gentleman the last chance," they made a rude litter, and, bearing the body upon sturdy shoulders, betook themselves to a track which I had overlooked entirely. Some people have all their wits about them as soon as they are called for, but with me it is mainly otherwise. And this I had shown in two things already; the first of which came to my mind the moment I pulled out my watch to see what the time was. "Good heavens!" It struck me. "Where is George's watch. It was not in any of his pockets; and I did not feel it in his fob."

In an instant I made them set down the bier; and, much as it grieved me to do such a thing, I carefully sought for my dear friend's watch. No watch, no seals, no ribbon, was there! "Go on," I said; and I fell behind them, having much to think about. In this condition, I took little heed of the distance, or of the ground itself; being even astonished when, at last, we stopped; as if we were bound to go on for ever.

CHAPTER VI.

We had stopped at the gate of an old farmhouse, built with massive boulder stones, laid dry, and flushed in with mortar. As dreary a place as was ever seen; at the head of a narrow mountain-gorge, with mountains towering over it. There was no sign of life about it, except that a gaunt hog trotted forth, and grunted at us, and showed his tusks, and would perhaps have charged us, if we had not been so many. The house looked just like a low church-tower, and might

have been taken for one at a distance, if there had been any battlements. It seemed to be four or five hundred years old, and perhaps belonged to some petty chief in the days of Owen Glendower.

"Knock again, Thomas Edwards. Stop, let me knock," said one of our party impatiently. "There, waddow, waddow, waddow!"

Suiting the action to the word, he thumped with a big stone heavily, till a middle-aged woman, with rough black hair, looked out of a window and screamed in Welsh to ask what this terrible noise was. To this they made answer in the same language, pointing to their sad burden, and asking permission to leave it for the doctor's inspection and the inquest, if there was to be one. And I told them to add that I would pay well, anything whatever she might like to ask. But she screamed out something that sounded like a curse, and closed the lattice violently. Knowing that many superstitions lingered in these mountains—as, indeed, they do elsewhere plentifully—I was not surprised at the woman's stern refusal to admit us, especially at this time of pest; but I thought it strange that her fierce black eyes avoided both me and the poor rude litter on which the body of George lay, covered with some slate-workers' aprons.

"She is not the mistress!" cried Evan Peters, in great excitement, as I thought. "Ask where is Hopkin—Black Hopkin—where is he?"

At this suggestion a general outcry arose in Welsh for "Black Hopkin;" an outcry so loud and prolonged that the woman opened the window again and screamed—as they told me afterwards—"He is not at home, you noisy fools; he is gone to Machynlleth. Not long would you dare to make this noise if Hopkin ap Howel was at home."

But while she was speaking the wicket-door of the great arched gate was thrown open, and a gun about six feet long and of very large bore was presented at us. The quarrymen drew aside briskly, and I was about to move somewhat hastily, when the great swarthy man who was holding the gun withdrew it, and lifted his hat to me, proudly and as an equal.

"You cannot enter this house," he said in very good English, and by no means rudely. "I am sorry for it, but it cannot be. My little daughter is very ill, the last of seven. You must go elsewhere." [See Illustration.]

With these words he bowed again to me, while his sad eyes seemed to pierce my soul; and then he quietly closed the wicket and fastened it with a heavy bolt, and I knew that we must indeed go further.

This was no easy thing to do; for our useless walk to "Crug y Diwlith" (the Dewless Hills), as this farm was called, had taken us further at every step from the place we must strive for after all—the good little Aber-Aydyr. The gallant quarrymen were now growing both weary and uneasy and in justice to them I must say that no temptation of money, nor even any appeal to their sympathies, but only a challenge of their patriotism, held them to the sad duties owing from the living to the dead. But, knowing how proud all Welshmen are of the fame of their race and country, happily I exclaimed at last, when fear was getting the mastery, "What will be said of this in England, this low cowardice of the Cymro?" Upon that they looked at one another and did their best right gallantly.

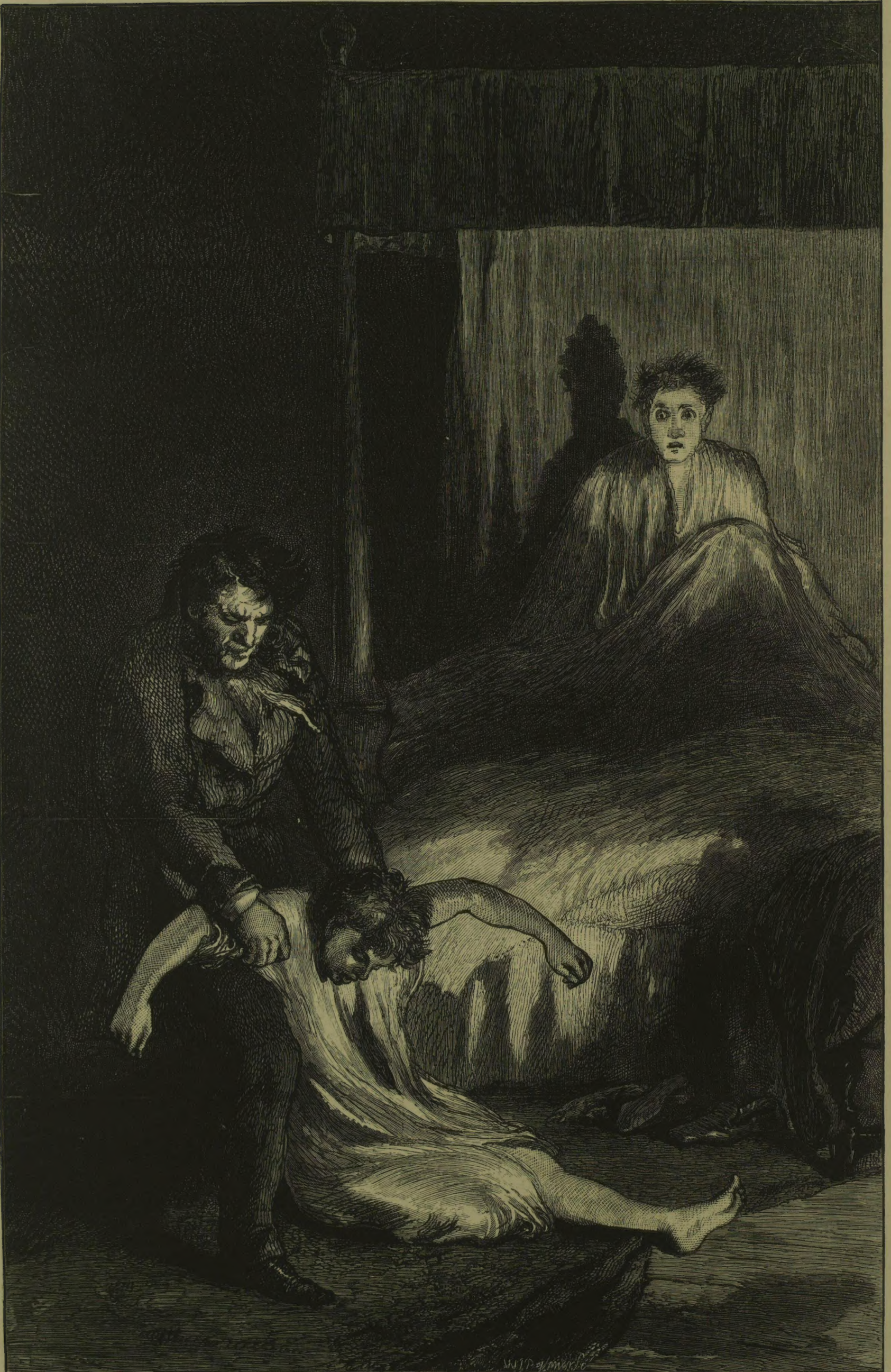
Now, I need not go into any further sad details of this most sad time, except to say that Dr. Jones, who came the next day from Dolgelly, made a brief examination by order of the Coroner. Of course, he had too much sense to suppose that the case was one of cholera; but, to my surprise, he pronounced that death was the result of "asphyxia, caused by too long immersion in the water." And, knowing nothing of George Bowring's activity, vigour, and cultivated power in the water, perhaps he was not to be blamed for dreaming that a little mountain stream could drown him. I, on the other hand, felt as sure that my dear friend was foully murdered as I did that I should meet him in heaven—if I lived well for the rest of my life, which I resolved at once to do—and there have the whole thing explained, and perhaps be permitted to glance at the man who did it, as Lazarus did at Dives.

In spite of the doctor's evidence and the Coroner's own persuasion, the jury found that "George Bowring died of the Caroline Morgan"—which the clerk corrected to cholera morbus—"brought on by wetting his feet and eating too many fish of his own catching." And so you may see it entered now in the records of the Court of the Coroners of the King for Merioneth.

And now I was occupied with a trouble, which, after all, was more urgent than the inquiry how it came to pass. When a man is dead, it must be taken as a done thing, not to be undone; and, happily, all near relatives are inclined to see it in that light. They are grieved, of course, and they put on hatbands and give no dinner-parties; and they even think of their latter ends more than they might have desired to do. But after a little while all comes round. Such things must be happening always, and it seems so unchristian to repine; and if any money has been left them, truly they must attend to it. On the other hand, if there has been no money, they scarcely see why they should mourn for nothing; and, as a duty, they begin to allow themselves to be roused up.

But when a wife becomes a widow, it is wholly different. No money can ever make up to her the utter loss of the love-time and the loneliness of the remaining years; the little turns, and thoughts, and touches—wherever she goes and whatever she does—which at every corner meet her with a deep, perpetual want. She tries to fetch her spirit up and to think of her duties to all around—to her children, or to the guests whom trouble forces upon her for business sake, or even the friends who call to comfort (though the call can fetch her none); but all the while how deeply aches her sense that all these duties are as different as a thing can be from her love-work to her husband!

What could I do? I had heard from George, but could not for my life remember, the name of that old house in Berkshire where poor Mrs. Bowring was on a visit to two of



"A figure came out of Master Mudlow's room into that of Mr. Goodlake, slowly dragging something with him—that something a human body"

MR. RAVENS'S STEPSON.—DRAWN BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, A.R.A.



THE SPECTRE STAG.—DRAWN BY M. MONTBARD.

her aunts, as I said before. I ventured to open her letter to her husband, found in his left-hand side breast-pocket, and, having dried it, endeavoured only to make out whence she wrote; but there was nothing. Ladies scarcely ever date a letter both with time and place, for they seem to think that everybody must know it, because they do. So the best I could do was to write to poor George's house in London, and beg that the letter might be forwarded at once. It came, however, too late to hand. For, although the newspapers of that time were respectably slow and steady, compared with the rush they all make nowadays, they generally managed to outrun the post, especially in the nutting season. They told me at Dolgelly, and they confirmed it at Machynlleth, that nobody must desire to get his letters at any particular time, in the months of September and October, when the nuts were ripe. For the postmen never would come along until they had filled their bags with nuts, for the pleasure of their families. And I dare say they do the same thing now, but without being free to declare it so.

CHAPTER VII.

The body of my dear friend was borne round the mountain slopes to Dolgelly and buried there, with no relative near, nor any mourner except myself; for his wife, or rather his widow, was taken with sudden illness (as might be expected), and for weeks it was doubtful whether she would stay behind to mourn for him. But youth and strength at last restored her to dreary duties and worldly troubles.

Of the latter, a great part fell on me; and I did my best—though you might not think so, after the fuss I made of my own—to intercept all that I could, and quit myself manfully of the trust which George had returned from the dead to enjoin. And, what with one thing and another, and a sudden dearth of money which fell on me (when my cat-fund was all spent, and my gold watch gone up a gurgyle), I had such a job to feed the living, that I never was able to follow up the dead.

The magistrates held some inquiry, of course, and I had to give my evidence; but nothing came of it, except that the quarryman, Evan Peters, clearly proved his innocence. Being a very clever fellow, and dabbling a bit in geology, he had taken his hammer up the mountains, as his practice was when he could spare the time, to seek for new veins of slate, or lead, or even gold, which is said to be there. He was able to show that he had been at Tal y Llyn at the time of day when George would be having his luncheon; and the people who knew Evan Peters were much more inclined to suspect me than him. But why should they suspect anybody, when anyone but a fool could see "how plain it was of the cholera"?

Twenty years slipped by (like a rope paid out on the sea-shore, "hand over hand," chafing as it goes, but gone as soon as one looks after it), and my hair was grey, and my fame was growing (slowly, as it appeared to me, but as all my friends said "rapidly," as if I could never have earned it!), when the mystery of George Bowring's death was solved without an effort.

I had been so taken up with the three dear children, and working for them as hard as if they were my own (for the treasury of our British empire was bankrupt to these little ones—"no provision had been made for such a case," and so we had to make it)—I say that these children had grown to me and I to them in such degree that they all of them called me "Uncle!"

This is the most endearing word that one human being can use to another. A fellow is certain to fight with his brothers and sisters, his father, and perhaps even his mother. Tenfold thus with his wife; but whoever did fight with his uncle? Of course I mean unless he was his heir. And the tenderness of this relation has not escaped *vox populi*, that keen discriminator. Who is the most reliable, cordial, indispensable of mankind—especially to artists—in every sense of the word the dearest? A pawnbroker; he is our uncle.

Under my care, these three children grew to be splendid "members of society." They used to come and kick over my easel with legs that were quite Titanic; and I could not scold them when I thought of George. Bob Bistre, the eldest, was my apprentice, and must become famous in consequence; and when he was twenty-five years old, and money became no object to me (through the purchase by a great art-critic of the very worst picture I ever painted; half of it, in fact, was Bob's!), I gave the boy choice of our autumn trip to California, or the antipodes.

"I would rather go to North Wales, dear uncle," he answered, and then dropped his eyes, as his father used when he had provoked me. That settled the matter. He must have his way; though as for myself, I must confess that I have begun, for a long time now, upon principle, to shun melancholy.

The whole of the district is opened up so by those desperate railways that we positively dined at the Cross Pipes Hotel the very day after we left Euston-square. Our landlady did not remember me, which was anything but flattering. But she jumped at Bob as if she would have kissed him; for he was the image of his father, whose handsome face had charmed her.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Aydyr was making as much noise as ever, for the summer had been a wet one; and of course all the people of Aber-Aydyr had their ears wide open. I showed Bob the bridge and the place of my vision, but did not explain its meaning, lest my love for him should seem fiduciary; and the next morning, at his most urgent request, we started afoot for that dark, sad valley. It was a long walk, and I did not find that twenty years had shortened it.

"Here we are at last," I said, "and the place looks the same as ever. There is the grand old Pen y Cader, with the white cloud rolling as usual; to the left and right are the two other summits, the arms of the chair of Idris; and over the shoulder of that crag you can catch a glassy light in the air—that is the reflection of Tal y Llyn."

"Yes, yes," he answered, impatiently, "I know all that from your picture, uncle. But show me the place where my father died."

"It lies immediately under our feet. You see that grey stone down in the hollow, a few yards from the river brink. There he sat, as I have often told you, twenty years ago this day. There he was taking his food, when some one— Well, well, God knows, but we never shall. My boy, I am stiff in the knees; go on."

He went on alone, as I wished him to do, with exactly his father's step, and glance, figure, face, and stature. Even his dress was of the silver-grey which his father had been so fond of, and which the kind young fellow chose, to please his widowed mother. I could almost believe (as a cloudy mantle stole in long folds over the highland, reproducing the lights, and shades, and gloom of that mysterious day) that the twenty years were all a dream, and that here was poor George Bowring going to his murder and his watery grave.

My nerves are good and strong, I trow; and that much must have long been evident. But I did not know what young Bob's might be, and therefore I left him to himself. No man should be watched as he stands at the grave of his wife or mother; neither should a young fellow who sits on the spot where his father was murdered. Therefore, as soon as our Bob had descended into the grey stone-pit, in which his dear father must have breathed his last, I took good care to be out of sight, after observing that he sat down exactly as his father must have sat, except that his attitude, of course, was sad, and his face pale and reproachful. Then, leaving the poor young fellow to his thoughts, I also sat down to collect myself.

But before I had time to do more than wonder at the mysterious ways of the world, or of Providence in guiding it; at the manner in which great wrong lies hidden, and great woe falls unrecompensed; at the dark, uncertain laws which cover (like an indiscriminate mountain cloud) the good and the bad, the kind and the cruel, the murdered and the murderer—a loud shriek rang through the rocky ravine, and up the dark folds of the mountain.

I started with terror, and rushed forward, and heard myself called, and saw young Bowring leap up, and stand erect and firm, although with a gesture of horror. At his feet lay the body of a man struck dead, flung on its back, with great hands spread on the eyes, and white hair over them.

No need to ask what it meant. At last the justice of God was manifest. The murderer lay, a rigid corpse, before the son of the murdered.

"Did you strike him?" I asked.

"Is it likely," said the youth, "that I would strike an aged man like that? I assure you I never had such a fright in my life. This poor old fellow came on me quite suddenly, from behind a rock, when all my mind was full of my father; and his eyes met mine, and down he fell, as if I had shot him through the heart!"

"You have done no less," I answered; and then I stooped over the corpse (as I had stooped over the corpse of its victim), and the whole of my strength was required to draw the great knotted hands from the eyes, upon which they were cramped with a spasm not yet relaxed.

"It is Hopkin ap Howell!" I cried, as the great eyes, glaring with the horror of death, stood forth. "Black Hopkin once, white Hopkin now! Robert Bowring, you have slain the man who slew your father."

"You know that I never meant to do it," said Bob. "Surely, uncle, it was his own fault."

"How did he come? I see no way. He was not here when I showed you the place, or else we must have seen him."

"He came round the corner of that rock, that stands in front of the furze-bush."

Now that we had the clue, a little examination showed the track. Behind the furze-bush, a natural tunnel of rock, not more than a few yards long, led into a narrow gorge covered with brushwood, and winding into the valley below the farmhouse of the Dewless Crag. Thither we hurried to obtain assistance, and there the whole mystery was explained.

Black Hopkin (who stole behind George Bowring and stunned, or perhaps, slew him with one vile blow) has this and this only to say at the Bar—that he did it through love of his daughter.

Gwenthlian, the last of seven, lay dying on the day when my friend and myself came up the valley of the Aydyr. Her father, a man of enormous power of will and passion, as well as muscle, rushed forth of the house like a madman, when the doctor from Dolgelly told him that nothing more remained except to await the good time of Heaven. It was the same deadly decline which had slain every one of his children at that same age, and now must extinguish a long-descended and slowly impoverished family.

"If I had but a gold watch I could save her," he cried in his agony, as he left the house. "Ever since the old gold watch was sold, they have died—they have died! They are gone, one after one, the last of all my children!"

In these lonely valleys lurks a strange old superstition that even death must listen to the voice of time in gold; that, when the scanty-numbered moments of the sick are fleeting, a gold watch laid in the wasted palm, and pointing the earthly hours, compels the scythe of death to pause, the timeless power to bow before the two great gods of the human race—time and gold.

Poor George in the valley must have shown his watch. The despairing father must have been struck with crafty madness at the sight. The watch was placed in his daughter's palm; but death had no regard for it. Thenceforth Black Hopkin was a blasted man, racked with remorse and heart-disease, sometimes raving, always roving, but finding no place of repentance. And it must have been a happy stroke—if he had made his peace above, which none of us can deal with—when the throb of his long-worn heart stood still, at the vision of his victim, and his soul took flight to realms that have no gold and no chronometer.

THE ROMANCE OF A RESCUE.

Assuming the truth of the adage, "Fact is stranger than fiction," the following facts have been strung together in a coherent narrative form, with the belief that they at least present a series of events and coincidences as strange as any fiction woven in story-teller's brain. To the circumstance of their having occurred at a period long before the present days of quickly-disseminated sensational news, may be ascribed the oblivion into which they sank. The brief recapitulation of them, the removal of the action to, comparatively, our own time, and the suppression, for obvious reasons, of the names of people and places, need not, it is thought, lessen the interest in the facts themselves.

A bitterly cold night about eight o'clock in the middle of December, 1852. A solitary inn hard by a small village on the South Downs, near the coast, with its hanging sign creaking dimly in the sleety wind. A dim light shining through a crevice of the window shutter, the only evidence that the inmates are still up; and a man, thickly muffled, carrying a small hand-bag, knocking with his fist at the door.

The weather, the place, and the hour justify his urgency; and when admitted his quiet note of satisfaction brings a cheery smile to the lips of the burly, good-natured landlord, as he says,

"A proper bad night, too. I reckon winter's upon us at last in earnest. What'll you take, Sir?"

"Something hot, and something to eat; and I want a bed, if I can have one," is the answer, as the two enter the snug bar parlour.

Another note of satisfaction from the traveller, now taking off his rough pea-jacket before the fire, and showing by his under-dress that the sea may be his calling.

A good-looking young man, somewhat under thirty, fair-haired and blue-eyed, but deeply bronzed and weather-beaten.

"Yes; it's pleasanter in here," he goes on, "than out in mid-channel to-night, or even than on the top of these downs. The sea is making a tidy roar upon the beach. It's not far off, I suppose?"

"Just below the cliff; three hundred yards or so, maybe, at the end of my garden. New to these parts, be ye?" continues the host, mixing some hot grog.

"Yes, I have just come off a long voyage, and came ashore in the pilot-boat this afternoon. It tried to make Newhaven; but the tide was too strong, and we were obliged to run for some little bit of a place (I forget the name), five miles to the eastward. I was anxious to get to my home by Christmas, and if I had gone round in the ship to the river I might not have been able to do so. So I let her take on my few traps, except this bag, and I thought to get a train for London at Newhaven; but, as we couldn't land there, there was nothing for it but to walk back over these hills. But somehow I missed my way, and it seemed likely enough I should have to pass the night on them. Luckily, I struck a road half an hour ago which led me on here, and now I must wait till the morning. Is this far from Newhaven?"

"Ten mile a'most. You must ha' lost your way indeed. You've been walking away from it."

"Well, never mind. You've got a snug little place here. I might have been worse off. I suppose I took the wrong turn; but it soon got so pitchy dark that I could see nothing but your white roads, and they are all alike."

He is here interrupted by the snarling bark of a dog, and, as the animal itself runs in from the passage, the traveller gives a slight start. Then, eyeing it curiously, he makes friendly overtures to the creature, who, however, without rejecting them, sulkily, and with a low, continuous growl, creeps under the chair by the fireside, on which the host is now sitting, opposite his guest.

"Lie down, Spot! No one wants to meddle with you. Terrible contrary dog, sure-ly, he bees; but he won't do you no harm, Sir. Can't get him to make friends wi' any one but me."

"Had him long?"

"Four year about; and he comes to cling to me, don't ye see, 'cause it was me as brought him round—saved his life, like. I s'pose that's why he took to me; but he won't take to no one else—no; not a man-jack on 'em—not a man, woman, or child, 'cept me. He don't offer 'em no hurt, don't you see; but he's just contrary with 'em all. Sometimes he vexes me, and I wish I'd knocked him on the head; scares folks at times, and that beant good at an inn."

The traveller has been looking at the dog furtively, and there is a quiver on his lip as he says, "He's not very handsome. I never saw but one like him before. How did you come by him?"

"Cur'ously, rather. But I'll just see after your supper, and speak to my missus about your bed, and I'll tell you when I come back."

The landlord is away but a minute or two, during which time the dog does not move, but sits glaring from beneath the chair at the traveller with eyes that in the shadow seem to glow as redly as the coals in the grate. An uncanny, unprepossessing dog, resembling somewhat the breed known as "coach-dog"—white, with black spots, but larger, and with longer legs, as if with a cross of pointer in him, short-haired and strong-limbed—a beast quite out of place by the hearth.

Refreshment served, and the guest having fallen to vigorously, the landlord resumed his seat and said, "Well, I was a-goin' to tell ye how I came by old Spot, here. It was four years the end of last September when, about six o'clock one morning, I went down to the bottom of my bit of a garden to dig a few 'tatoes. The weather was dull and cold, with a drizzling rain. I was just goin' to set to with the fork, when I heard a kind o' whine coming, as it seemed, from the bits o' bushes by the paling at the top o' the cliff, and close agin the little path we goes down to the beach by. It quite scared me for a minute, for it was more like the cry of a child than anything else; but when I looked to see what it was, and peeped

in, don't ye know, under the shrubs, I saw this here poor beast crouched up and all of a shiver (as well he might be). But he looked up that savage out of his eyes that I durstn't touch him. He half growled at me; but he seemed so weak he couldn't move, and his bones were a'most coming through his skin. I never clapped eyes on such a poor, miserable creature. I'd half a mind then and there to put him out of his misery. Still, I didn't quite like for to do that, bein' fond o' dumb animals, and I began to wonder where he could ha' come from. There warn't no one about here that owned a dog like him—fact is, I han't never seen a dog like him. So I went back to the house and got a little hot milk-and-water, and soaked a bit of bread in it and took it to him and pushed it just in under the bush. I durstn't touch him, for he still kept looking up, savage-like, at me; but after he'd had his muzzle in the warm stuff for a minute and he seemed to understand I didn't mean him no harm, quite a change came over his eye, and when he'd drunk all the milk he tried to crawl out towards me; but he was that weak he couldn't drag himself along more nor a foot, and he couldn't stand up at all; so I coaxed him a bit, and at last just patted his head, and though he still seemed to doubt, and was half inclined to snarl, I caught hold of him in my arms and brought him to the fire, and put him down on this very hearth, didn't I, old Sulk?" the landlord continued, addressing the dog, who during the narrative had gradually been creeping from under the chair, as though he understood what was being said, and now, ungraciously enough, began to thrust his nose into the man's hand.

"Ah! you was a sight then, you ungrateful old beast! All wet and sore—a reg'lar bag of bones! Ay; it was months, Sir, afore he could walk across the room without falling down!"

"And you never found an owner for him?" asked the guest, who throughout his meal and the story had been ceaselessly eyeing the dog with the same curious and furtive expression. "It is strange! Where do you think he sprang from?"

"Well, I never could rightly tell; but I reckon he had had a swim for it, and just managed to get ashore and creep up the path to where I found him. He couldn't well ha' got no other way than from the beach, and he couldn't ha' got to that part of the beach where my path goes down 'cept from the sea. No! I reckon he'd tumbled or been chucked overboard from some ship; or, maybe, there'd been a wreck, but never no signs of it was to be seen."

"And this is four years ago, last September?" said the guest, musingly, as he drew his chair towards the fire, continuing to scan the dog eagerly. "Come here, boy; let's have a look at you!"

The dog, with his nose in the air, advanced a step or two, sniffed suspiciously in the direction of the stranger, and then, with a sullen growl, retreated again beneath his master's chair.

Lighting a pipe, and now standing up with his back to the fire and with an air of satisfied determination, the traveller turned to his host, and said, impressively, "It's a curious thing, but I don't mind saying to you that that dog gives me the oddest sensation I ever had in my life; and, if I tell you a part of my history, perhaps you'll understand why. I feel strangely impelled to do so. I don't suppose any good can come of it, or that it can help me at all. I don't suppose there's anything in it but a coincidence; the whole thing would be too wildly improbable and impossible; but the brute is so like a dog that was closely associated with the turning-point in my life—the one great calamity which, I fear, I shall never get over, and which he reminds me of so horribly, that two or three times since I've been sitting here I seem to have been going through all the misery of it again and again."

The landlord's intelligent and kindly face began to assume an expression of keen interest, and he said, "I should like to hear it, Sir—I should. Go on!"

"Listen here, then. Four years ago the beginning of last September I was a clerk in a large brewery in one of the chief seaport towns away down in the eastern counties. There wasn't a happier youngster living; I had been in the house from a boy, and had risen through several grades in the office, and was accounted thoroughly honest and trustworthy. Our collector, just about that time, being suddenly taken ill, the firm settled that I should do his business in the emergency—his business being to collect considerable sums of money periodically from the various customers in the country. He had to travel many miles at times, and used to go in a gig. I had been with him more than once, so I knew exactly what to do and where to go. Well! I went the round and collected the money, and was returning with over two hundred pounds in my pocket—a large quantity of it in gold and silver in a canvas bag, and some cheques and notes in a pocket-book. It was a fine, quiet evening at the beginning of the month, and the twilight had set in before I left the last village where I had to call. Soon after I drove out of it I saw a dog on ahead, and, as I came up with it, I also saw a man slinking along in the shadow of the hedge. He looked like a tramp, and appeared to take no notice of me as I passed, nor did I much of him, for the dog diverted my attention by yelping and snarling viciously at my horse. He jumped up at his nose, and barked, and bounded about, and ran alongside for many yards. At last I made one or two cuts at him with my whip, then he dropped behind the gig and trotted along as quietly as possible, just as you often see a coach-dog following a carriage, for he was more like a coach-dog than anything else, only larger—white with black spots; in fact, the very counterpart of the beast under your chair. I could see this plainly, although it was getting rather dark; the contrast of the black and white made it easy.

"The road was a lonely road, and became more so the nearer we got to the sea; and I, somehow, began to dislike the company of this strange dog. Still, on he came persistently, in spite of all my efforts to shake him off. I drove as fast as the horse could go, but he would keep up with us, now close under the gig, now at a little distance, but always with his nose up in the air, as if scenting something, and every now and then

giving a snarling sort of yelp. At times when the trees and hedges were thick and overshadowing, I half fancied the man was following at a run also; but as, by degrees, they grew scantier, and I could really discern nothing of him, I believed it was only my own nervousness, on account of the money I had with me, and its being the first time of my having had such a responsibility. Even to this hour I cannot be sure how this may have been. All I know is that I felt very uncomfortable and wished myself safely back. Presently the road came out by the coast, upon an open common or down, and began to descend a short, but steep, hill, to where it ran along beside the sea. At the foot of this hill, and close under the low cliff which formed it, were the remains of an old quarry and kiln, whence ran out a little jetty for the lading of small craft. The whole affair had long been disused, so I was surprised to see a small cutter, with her mainsail flapping in the air, lying close in against the old piles, and some men either mooring her or pushing her off. It was now far too dark, however, to distinguish plainly what was going on, nor did I care, my anxiety was to get home. Consequently, I made a short cut across the turf of the down. There was a half-used way here, and I could go faster than on the road, so I struck on to it briskly, closely pursued as usual by this fiend-like dog, who was no sooner upon the turf than he dashed forward, and began to bark and jump up at the horse like a beast possessed. The horse was startled, and being tired, suddenly stumbled, and I was pitched out of the gig, head foremost. And now comes the strangest part of all my strange sensations. I have no recollection of being stunned or of losing my senses, for I seemed to fall softly upon the turf, and to have been aware immediately of the horse and gig stopping, and of the snorting breath of the dog upon my face. Yet, in reality I must have lain there insensible for a long while, for, when I eventually moved and stood up, it was deep night, the moon was high in the heavens, not a sound was to be heard save the murmur of the summer sea upon the shore, and the horse champing his bit, as he quietly browsed on the turf close by.

"Dazed and bewildered, I could not at first divine what had happened. I felt as if in a dream; but, quickly pulling myself together, I led the horse and gig back into the road, and instantly thought of my money. Gone! by Heaven! bag and pocket-book both, out of my breast-pocket!

"I rushed to the spot where I had fallen; not a sign of it, though the moon showed every blade of grass. Back again to the gig, looking under apron, driving-box, in my pockets, everywhere! And the dog! the accursed dog which had caused my fall! not a sign of him either! I whistled, I called; no response! And the men and the cutter? I sprang into the gig, for I was quite unhurt, my hat only being a little damaged; and drove to the top of the hill—men, boat, all gone; everything as silent as the grave!

"I was going to look at the hour; and then for the first time discovered that my watch was gone! Frantic, despairing, mad, I drove wildly down the road, and along by the sea to the town, three miles in all. The brewery was on the outskirts; the gates were shut, and one light only was burning in the lodge. The porter was waiting up for me; he was wondering why I was so late; for the hour was half-past one!"

The traveller, who had grown much excited with his narration, here paused, drew a long breath, and sat down. Then, refilling his pipe, continued:—

"There's no need to trouble you with much more about it. My story was not believed. They never directly said so; but when the police had done all they could; when the spot had been searched, when all inquiries had been made, and when nobody could be found who had seen or heard of a cutter lying off the old quarry, or of a man with a black and white coach-dog—well, when, in a word, nothing turned up to corroborate my statement, and the firm found itself out of pocket by nearly two hundred pounds (of course they did not lose by the cheques, which had been stopped), I was politely informed that I had better resign my appointment. The affair, of course, got wind; my character was blown upon; whispers reached me to the effect that I had appropriated the money, and had trumped up some preposterous story about a mysterious dog and the rest of it, which nobody in his senses could believe. And," added the young man, after a pause, and with a heavy sigh, "perhaps you won't believe it either, Mr. Landlord; but that dog of yours has brought it all back to me so strongly that I felt obliged to tell you."

"No fear," answered the host, who had followed every word of the narrative with the closest attention and interest; "no fear about my believing of you; a man don't tell a tale like that for the fun of it;—terrible strange. Sure-ly," he added, contemplatively, "it couldn't be the same dog, do you think?"

"Heaven knows!" was the answer; "but, as I have told you so much, I'll just say, before I turn in, that I am going back to the old place now, to face it out; to spend my Christmas once more with my poor old mother; to pay back the money; and to ask the little woman who was going to be my wife if she'll still have me; for you must know I was engaged to be married when this ruin fell—had taken a small house and furnished it on the strength of my promotion in the office, and this very circumstance was brought against me, for it was hinted that I intended to cover my outlay with the money I said I had lost, or been robbed of. The girl was right enough; she never doubted me, but we had nothing to live on, and, moreover, if we had, I was too proud to link her to my disgrace. I swore to wipe it out some day, and, as far as the money goes, I can do it now."

He stopped abruptly, and then went on:—"And if by any wondrous chance I should have fallen upon another aid to my doing so, and if, indeed, this be another slice of good luck—Come here, Spot!—come out, let's have a look at you; if you should be the same brute to whom I owe all my trouble—you are very like him, and time tallies—could you help me through it? Bah! the thing is ridiculous!"

The dog only answered the appeal by a sniff and a snarl, but the landlord rising, held out his hand with the air of a

man who had made up his mind to something, and said, "It might be worth trying, and if so be ye'd like the animal to be took down with ye, to be shown as the sort of dog ye meant—even to take him along to the place where you was bowled over and see what he'd make of it (he's proper sagacious, mark ye; he all but talks to me)—why I wouldn't mind taking of him down myself with ye, for he wouldn't go without. I could leave my missus and son in charge here for a few days."

"You are very good," answered the young man; "I don't object, if ye'll let me pay your expenses; I shall be glad of your company, and it really might be worth trying. I must be pay-master, however, for I have a fair share of money now. I have had wondrous luck all my life, save that once; and when, in shame and disgrace, I worked my way out to California before the mast, and when I reached the gold-fields, my old luck returned. I have scraped together, by degrees, enough for all I ever shall want now, so you shall go down with me, and see me through it." The men shook hands; a chord of sympathy had been struck; the contact of their true natures had made them suddenly akin.

Three days later, and within two of Christmas, the plan has been carried out. The newly-made friends and the queer, mysterious, uncouth dog, are away down in the eastern counties, at the large seaport town. They have lain "perdu" for the night, the young man determining not to disclose himself, until the odd fancy of the landlord for taking the dog to the spot where the mysterious loss or robbery of the money happened has been indulged. He has insisted that, if they were correct in surmising the animal to be the same, he would somehow show a knowledge of the place, and by his action, perhaps, lead to some corroborative testimony of the young man's story, and help to the clearing of his character.

Thus, upon one of the dullest, greyest, and coldest mornings that ever, without frost and snow, preceded the great Christian anniversary, the men and the dog found their way to the locality. The returned exile proceeded to point out all the different bearings of it with regard to the catastrophe, and he was somewhat affected as he recounted and recalled the sensations with which he last gazed upon the scene. Then he had been accompanied by the not too bright, but highly important, chiefs of the local constabulary, trying to make them understand the how and the where, feeling all the while that not a word of what he said was credited. The dog, too, showed some little uneasiness, but hardly enough to justify the supposition that he recognised the place. Still, he fidgeted and sniffed about, and did not keep so close to his master's heels as usual.

They walked inland to the neighbourhood of the village where the animal first attached himself to the horse and gig, and then back all along the road to the short cut across the turf where the accident happened.

"Well!" said the landlord, slowly and in his contemplative manner, as he watched the dog, who here displayed increased signs of disquiet, "I shouldn't like for to say exactly as he knows nothin' at all about it. I reckon we han't had our journey quite for nothin'. No; I shouldn't like to say as he han't never been here afore, though it don't seem very likely when one comes to think on it; but we'll just go and give him a turn round about yonder old stone-quarry and pier, where you see'd the cutter lyin'. Come on, Spot!"

They descended the hill to the foot of the cliff, where there trickled from the rock a spring of fresh water, at which the dog stopped to drink. The whole district was as lonely and deserted as ever, and a heavy ground-swell, which came thundering in upon the shore with a dull monotonous thud, lent to it additional dreariness. As the friends were standing just within the old inclosure of the kiln on the beach, and the dog, having slaked his thirst, was about to rejoin them, he suddenly pricked up his ears and began to sniff with his nose high in the air, at the same time giving a little snarl or yelp.

"That's exactly the action and the noise," cried the young man. "Good Heavens! I could swear to him now!" And before he could make any further remark the dog had trotted off away round to the other side of the kiln, where it impinged upon the cliff. Here he stopped, sniffed, snarled, and ran backwards and forwards two or three times, but now with his nose to the ground. Then he clambered up the crumbling face of the cliff a little way, and then tore back round into the quarry by the kiln, and then back again up the cliff, the men eagerly watching and following him the while. Soon he commenced scratching away with his fore paws between the wall and the cliff, where the one was built into the other. By degrees he made a bigish hole, then he stopped, and again got round to the other side of the wall, within the kiln, and again began scratching at a heap of rubbish, the debris of the fallen roof. [See Illustration.] There was less light here than outside; but soon another big hole was made, and as the men eagerly watched, encouraging the dog and helping him with their feet to remove the earth and decayed brickwork, there became visible the remnants of a garment of some kind; and a little later, by their combined efforts, they had lain bare the remains of a human body, dressed, as well as they could discern, in a seaman's guernsey and trousers.

Not a sight to dwell upon! The men were aghast!—the dog, half wild with excitement, panting and foaming at the mouth, and for ever uttering his short yelp. To hurry to the town for assistance was the friends' first impulse. They were about to yield to it when the action of the dog again arrested them. After whirling round and round the body, and throwing his head up into the air with the same sniffing action, he began to leap against the farther end of the wall, as if trying to spring up to a deep ledge it formed at the top, where the curving roof of the kiln had once beetled forward, and the remains of which still projected a foot or two.

"He wants to get up there, see!" cried the younger man. "Just lend me a hand and give me a hoist." And with this help he succeeded in getting the top of the wall within his reach; then, thrusting his hand over the ledge, in another moment, he had pulled out a heavy packet of something



"By degrees the dog made a bigish hole, then he stopped, . . . and again commenced scratching at a huge heap of rubble and rubbish, the débris of the fallen roof."

"THE ROMANCE OF A RESCUE."—DRAWN BY C. ROBINSON.



A CHRISTMAS PARTY.—DRAWN BY E. N. DOWNARD.

wrapped up in a piece of tarpaulin. The two men hastened with it to the light, and, tearing open the dusty, mildewed wrapper, which consisted of a sailor's waterproof legging, and was only folded over and over, came upon—what? The identical lost property! A heavy canvas bag, a watch and chain, and a large pocket-book.

Cleared, then, at last! Character, position, all restored; the loss made good by the restitution of the actual money to a penny untouched. Imagine what followed, and whether the Christmas Day of 1852 was not a merry and a memorable one indeed to that group of good folk away down in the eastern counties! Imagine the delight and gratitude of the aged mother, who had never thought to look upon her outcast son again! the joy of the affectionate girl who had bravely gone on hoping and believing that justice would be done to her lover in the end, and the proud triumph he felt in the public recognition of his innocence; the gratification of the landlord at the issue of his share in the general happiness; and the quiet satisfaction he felt at having yielded to the dictates of humanity in saving the dog's life!—all this, it may be easy enough to imagine; but what imagination can account for the strange combination of circumstances which brought this rejoicing about, and by which the cloud that rested upon the clerk's good name was swept away?

Why did the dog, in the first instance, attach himself to the horse and gig? for clearly the dog was the same. Equally clearly murder had been done; but who by, and who the victim was—whether the owner of the dog, or the thief, or both, or whether the hands from the cutter had a share in the affair—no man could say. How the money came to be hidden, and how the dog found his way to the innkeeper's garden on the South Downs, more than two hundred miles off, it is again impossible to say. All was the merest speculation; but an astute detective who was sent down from Scotland-yard, on the discovery of the body, to investigate the whole case, built up a theory. It was more or less adopted as the true one by the good folk at the seaport town. It is the most probable solution of the mystery; and, as such, is here given. A local newspaper, in its final account of the adjourned inquest, had the following:—

At the close of the coroner's inquiry, Mr. Diver, of Scotland-yard, was good enough, in a conversation he held with our reporter, to express some of his conjectures on the subject, but which, of course, could not be received as evidence at the inquest, and it may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn how the highest intelligence, backed by a vast experience, can account for what, to ordinary minds, appears unaccountable.

"You see," said he, "in the first place there's nothing to show to whom the dog belonged. Now, my opinion is, that he belonged to nobody; he was a tramp, an out-and-out tramp; for there are tramp dogs, as well as tramp humans; they are constantly about in the country. It was only a chance companion he had in the tramp human with whom he was when the young gentleman first saw him; and this being the case, and there being no tie between dog and man, the beast immediately takes up with the horse and gig, which it was quite natural for him to do, seeing what a lot of the coach-dog there is in him. Again, it was quite natural for him to begin to bark and jump up at the horse's nose, directly the young gentleman turned on to the turf, coach dogs always do something of that kind at starting or taking a fresh road. The change from the road to the turf had the same effect on him which it often has on a horse, and made him inclined to kick up his heels, so he runs forward, and barks as the young gentleman describes, and the accident happens—happens, mind you, several miles beyond where the slinking human tramp is left behind; he never followed on, it was only the young gentleman's nervousness made him think that; so I dismiss him, as having nothing whatever to do with the affair. No! it lay amongst those chaps with the cutter, and with them alone! It's pretty certain the murdered man was a foreign seaman; several things showed that, such as the rings remaining in the dried up cartilage of the ears, the two half-francs, the sou-pièce, and the 'baccy-box' found in his trousers pocket. They were Dutch fishermen, no doubt, come ashore to fill their water-keg at the spring; there are lots of them going backwards and forwards on this coast.

"Well! they see, or one of them sees, the accident first, and comes running up to where the young gentleman is lying insensible; for he was stunned, no doubt of that, although he didn't know it. This chap catches sight of the bag, pocket-book, and watch, and collars them unseen—unseen, as he thinks by any of his mates; but some of them, coming up just then, suspect him, perhaps accuse him, of priggish something; he denies it, and somehow makes his way down to the kiln, and hides his swag unobserved. Then a row follows; the fellows insist on his sharing it; he swears he has got nothing; they try to search him, he resists, then there's a fight—perhaps knives are used; anyhow, he gets an unlucky blow which kills him. Then, in their consternation, they bury the body hastily under the heap of rubble. No one will ever find it there, the place is too deserted; and they make off.

"The dog all this while has been hovering about, and when he sees the men getting into their boat, he, vagabond-tramp like, jumps in with them off the pier, as he easily could. They are too much flurried by what has happened, and are in too great a hurry to get away, to take notice of him at first. For the same reason they have not given a second thought to the young gentleman and the gig. How the fellow got time to hide the money unseen before the row occurred is, of course, the most difficult question of all; but that the man who was murdered hid it is shown conclusively by the fact that, whereas on one leg of the body there were the remains of a tarpaulin overall, on the other there were none, the second having obviously been used to wrap the booty in. Perhaps the disappearance of one of his leggings may have led his mates first to suspect him; but this is of little consequence.

"Thus much dismissed, the rest is clearer. Once fairly at sea and their minds a little easier, the fellows find they have brought the dog with them. They don't exactly know what to do with him; they don't like to drown him, for they are superstitious beggars, these foreign sailors, and they think that might bring ill-luck; and they don't like to put him ashore on this coast because, in the first place, they don't care to go near it, and, in the second, he might tell tales by finding the body, or what not. So they decide to keep him, which they do for a while; but then they soon find out what an ill-natured 'contrairy' beast it is. He won't take to any of them—perhaps bites one of them; and they, having run round for some purpose into the Channel and south-coast (wanting to give the east a wide berth), get rid of him, or he gets rid of them, by jumping overboard when he sees the land near, or they may have been wrecked, there's no knowing. Anyhow, he has a bad time of it, and at last is only just able to drag himself up the cliff to the inn garden. Then, knowing what reasoning beasts dogs are, what more natural than that it should have taught him a lesson, and that he should have given up his tramping life, seeing how well that good honest landlord treated him? His ways were ungrateful enough; but, after all, he well repaid the man's kindness by so knowingly helping to clear the young gentleman's character.

"I don't suppose that he really remembered the place; but, being a sort of poacher or scavenger by trade, and having a sharp nose, by reason of the pointer blood that is in him, he scented something down in the old kiln and rummaged it out, smelling the tarpaulin legging after a while as plainly as he had the rest. I think whatever evidence there is supports my conclusions. Anyway, the 'Romance of the Rescue' is pretty plain, and only shows that you can never go wrong in behaving to dumb animals (as we are pleased to call them) just as kindly as we should to one another.

"It's as strange an affair as ever came under my notice," added Mr. Diver, in conclusion; "and, though poetry is not much in my line, I happen to remember some lines from 'The Ancient Mariner,' I think it is called, which say, 'He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small;' and it seems to me that, on that Christmas morning, after the affair had been cleared up and the young gentleman set right, there couldn't have been anyone whose prayers went straighter to Heaven than those from the lips of that kind-hearted landlord."

W. W. FENN.

A STRANGE WARNING.

CHAPTER I.

On the great field that is opened to us by the many controversialists for and against Spiritualism it is not my intention to enter. On the lesser but many-headed question of supernatural agencies I do not profess to offer an opinion. I shall merely pay my tribute to the sacred cause of truth by recording, as briefly as possible, the one incident in my own life which, separated from me now by a wide chasm of years, is still the keynote of its unbroken loneliness and the secret of my early silvered hair.

The first scene of this drama of a life, which nevertheless can be compressed into a few words, is laid in England.

I had been engaged to be married to my pretty cousin Estelle Meredith only a very short time when she wrote to tell me that her mother was desirous of a little change of air, and proposed spending a week at a small seaside place on the Suffolk coast to fortify herself against the approaching winter.

It occurred to me at once that the lethargy which had lately oppressed me was now accounted for. I had been working uninterruptedly of late. I required rest, change, and relaxation. I should return to my books like a giant refreshed, stimulated in mind and energies, if only I laid aside my studies for a time, and joined my fair young fiancée and her mother at the Suffolk watering-place.

"Let me see," I reflected, scanning critically the graceful little handwriting. "Tuesday! Why this is Wednesday, I have already lost a day!" And with wonderful promptitude I pulled the bell and summoned my landlady.

A few words explained my intentions. I was sent for suddenly on pressing business, and should be away a week. With this I called a cab, and half an hour had not elapsed since the first dawning of my brilliant idea before I was whirling away by express-train towards my destination.

I had not given myself time to yield to the seductions of the bookstalls that occupied a conspicuous position on the platform, and in sheer idleness of spirit—or was another feeling involved?—I took Estelle's letter from my pocket, to read it over a second time. The result was a sudden, insane desire to call the guard, stop the train, and forbid its further progress. Tuesday, indeed! but Tuesday week was what, on closer examination, proved to be the day specified, and here was I half way en route to my journey's end several days too soon.

After the first outburst of irrepressible vexation I made up my mind to abide by my mistake. I knew that my good landlady would already have seized upon my absence to let the fires out and the sweeps in, and I have always felt an unconquerable reluctance to constitute myself an unannounced and unwelcome guest.

So resolving, I made my way to the semi-rustic hotel where the Merediths always put up when they visited their favourite watering-place.

It was a gloomy autumn day, and twilight had already fallen when I arrived, nor was my ill-humour in any degree lessened at finding myself the only visitor in the house.

In vain the trim-looking chambermaid lit up the brightest of fires; in vain the judicious landlady prepared the most appetising of little dinners; in vain the insinuating landlord produced his choicest wines: I could not and would not be comforted, and, after fiercely and revengefully smoking some half dozen cigars, I retired to rest in high dudgeon.

The next morning I had not spent ten minutes at the window, looking out at the barren cliffs and dreary landscape,

before I had firmly resolved to return to London by the evening train, and await Estelle's bonâ fide announcement of her arrival before venturing again to the seaside out of the season.

Much relieved by this resolution, I ordered an early dinner, and strolled out to inspect the "deserted village."

Anything more depressing than a fashionable watering-place when the fashion has departed I can scarcely conceive. The promenade, with its unoccupied seats and blank, forlorn appearance; the wide, gravelled roads, innocent of the sound of wheels; and the indications on every side of a preparation for presence where there is absence.

Reflecting somewhat philosophically on this and similar matters suggested by the scene, I paced the solitary esplanade, solacing myself with a cigar.

Not a creature was to be seen in any direction. The little town, hidden by a bend in the cliff, was not sufficiently near to send a hum of life to relieve the dreary loneliness of my walk. Inwardly rejoicing that I had made all arrangements to return to town that evening, and listening for company to the ceaseless sigh of the "melancholy ocean," I strolled backwards and forwards on the deserted promenade alone.

Alone? So I had certainly thought a few minutes previously; but now, as I turned at the entrance-gate to face back towards the cliff, I perceived, sitting on the farthest seat of the row, the figure of a strongly-built, sailor-like man, wearing a pilot coat buttoned across his breast and a glazed cap strapped under his chin.

How had he come there? I had passed the seat a few moments before, and it was then undoubtedly empty. Could I be mistaken? No; there he sat, steadily gazing before him towards the distant sea-line; and, much pleased at the prospect of a companion, I draw near to question him.

The sound of my footsteps did not seem to disturb him. As I approached he neither stirred nor moved. When I reached the seat it was empty!

I rubbed my eyes in utter perplexity. I had, then, been the victim of an optical delusion! I, whose sight was considered as keen and unerring as the symbolic eagle's! It seemed too preposterous. Yet there was the unoccupied seat before me; and, convinced of my mistake, I renewed my walk. When I turned again, to my utter confusion and surprise, the sailor-like man in the pilot-coat was again sitting in the same steady attitude on the last seat in the row.

This time there could be no mistake. I shut my eyes; I opened them again. There he sat, distant from me less than a hundred yards. Keeping my gaze steadily fixed on him lest he should escape me again, I approached rapidly.

When I reached the seat he was gone!

I was utterly confounded. I had not taken my eyes off him for an instant. I had not seen him disappear, yet I could have staked my life on having seen him up to the moment of reaching the seat, and yet on reaching it not a trace or vestige of his presence remained. The bleak solitude of the barren hills and open plain alone confronted me.

With my curiosity whetted, and yet with a strange fluttering at my heart, I once more renewed the experiment, and once more with the same result.

Getting angry with myself both for my ill-success and the unpleasant feeling that was gaining upon me, I started again to my point of observation, resolved to examine calmly and deliberately my mysterious companion. There he sat, a strongly-built sailor-like man, dressed in a pilot coat, and a weather-beaten shiny cap strapped under his chin.

Determined that he should not escape me, I called loudly to attract his attention, and then with one bound had reached the seat. The result was precisely as before. My call had been unheeded; he neither spoke nor stirred in reply to it, and when I reached the seat he was no longer there.

"This is some terrible hallucination," I muttered, trying to shake off the feeling of discomfort that was stealing over me; "they must have given me green tea at breakfast, or I am getting dyspeptic from the miserable dulness of this desolate little fishing village."

But, by a process of reasoning that I could not quite explain, I decided to countermand my orders for departure—determined to see whether the following day would renew my strange adventure, or prove it to be merely a fancy borne into my mind each time by the strength of the first illusion.

I had scaled mountains and stemmed torrents. I had sailed in a vessel boarded by pirates, and had an elephant killed under me at a tiger-hunt, yet I frankly confess that I hesitated for a moment—conquered by a sentiment of absolute, uncontrollable fear, when the next morning a fitful burst of sunlight invited me to unravel the puzzle of the preceding day.

I had scarcely laughed it off when I found myself at the entrance to the promenade. "No misconception possible to-day," I thought; "no haze to throw ghostly shadows capable of assuming any or every unexpected shape; the most distant little daisy on the cliff's side is as distinctly visible as the nearest one." And with a slow, critical deliberation I turned my eyes in the direction of the last seat of the row.

All possibility of doubt was now removed. The clear morning light shone upon his battered glazed cap, his pilot-coat, and his hands resting upon his knees, as he gazed steadily before him in the direction of the distant horizon. There he sat, my silent companion of the day before, in the same attitude, in the same position, in which I had left him the previous evening. No vague, impalpable substance he—a coarse-looking, strongly-built man, with a countenance more indicative of love of ease than suggestive of mystery.

Again I approached him, keeping him steadily in view; and again when I reached the seat it was tenantless. Again and again I renewed the attempt, trying to calculate the exact moment and mode of his departure, and always vainly. I never moved my eyes from him, yet while I watched he was apparently at the same time present and gone. The exact moment of his disappearance or transformation eluded me. I saw him almost within reach of me, and found his seat vacant!

I grew hot in the chase. It was a strange game of hide-and-seek we were playing. I approached by every side, addressed him from every distance, sat in the exact spot that he had occupied, waiting for him to come and claim it of me—all in vain!

Thus the whole day passed. A kind of fever possessed me. Each failure but added new zest to my pursuit. I buoyed myself with the idea that I should eventually discover the means of taking him by surprise.

When night fell, weary in body and mind, I returned to the hotel to put a few leading questions to the landlord, without in any way betraying myself. I obtained no clue whatever. No superstition attached to the place—no notoriety, murder, shipwreck, or even a commonplace bigamy had distinguished it; and, after securing for ever mine host's affections by an invitation to take a stroll with me next day on the deserted esplanade to point out the scenery while smoking one of my choice havannahs, I retired to rest with an uneasy consciousness that I was either a haunted man or a monomaniac.

This impression was ineradicably confirmed when the tête-à-tête with my good landlord came off next day.

"Who is that man sitting away there on the far seat?" I asked, carelessly pointing to the motionless figure now so familiar to my gaze.

"Where? I see no man," was the reply.

"Come nearer, and I will show you," I answered. And we drew close enough to note the twitching of an eyelid, had the immovable sailor changed countenance at our approach.

"What seat do you mean?" said the bewildered landlord, looking up and down the row of empty benches. "Not this one, surely?" he added, with a laugh, as he touched the vacant place lately occupied by the mysterious apparition.

What could I do but laugh in concert?

"It must have been a trick of the sight," I said; but I kept him in conversation for a while, and once again turning suddenly towards the fatal seat, "Now do you see no one?" I asked.

This time my companion looked at me narrowly.

"You are wanting to make fun of me, Sir," he said. "You know that we are quite alone on the esplanade; nobody ever comes near it at this time of the year—least of all to sit on those empty benches," he added, pointing in a direct line to the exact spot where the figure of the sailor-like man loomed distinctly visible against the background of sky, sitting immovable—watching and waiting—watching and waiting for what? . . .

"Come away," I said, shortly, "it is getting cold."

And so, indeed, I felt it. A hideous chill was creeping over me. I feared I must be losing my reason.

Two days were yet to elapse before the arrival of Estelle and her mother.

During these I never ventured near the promenade; and by the time I heard the welcome sound of the carriage-wheels grating on the gravel outside I had almost recovered my normal condition.

How that little hotel was transformed from that moment! Cinderella's fairy godmother never performed a greater feat than the sudden change which came upon it from gloom and dust and dulness to life and radiance and poetry!

Of those few days of tenderest memory what have I to tell? To all but those concerned how commonplace the walks, the drives, the long, long talks; to those in whom they might awake a souvenir, how tame, how worthless, would be my description!

I had succeeded, on one pretext or another, on always setting aside Estelle's request to visit the "dear old esplanade;" but the day before our departure she became too importunate, and, Mrs. Meredith feeling disinclined for our usual drive, I had no excuse to urge against Estelle's renewed wishes.

Who has not known the fascination of a forbidden object? The eye is irresistibly attracted where it is unwise, or undesirable, or unpleasant that it should rest; and, accordingly, having firmly resolved to avoid even a glance in the direction I so much dreaded, my first instinctive act was to look straight towards the fatal seat.

"Is there any one sitting on the farthest bench?" I asked Estelle. "The light is in my eyes and dazzles me."

"Nobody that I can see," she answered, brightly turning her lovely soft eyes full on the spot where the ghostly visitant sat grim and motionless.

But the spell of horror was powerless in her presence. I passed and re-passed without a shudder the mysterious sailor's post of observation—now seeing him, now missing him. A magic atmosphere of warmth and brightness surrounded her that bade defiance to all superstition, and rendered his very presence indifferent.

"I declare I have dropped my muff!" Estelle said, suddenly stopping at the foot of the cliff. "Oh, there it is!" she added, turning and pointing half-way towards the entrance-gate. "I shall sit here and wait while you fetch it to me, as I am a little tired."

And before I could offer any remonstrance she had placed herself on the identical seat hitherto occupied by the weird and spectral stranger.

"Come away, Estelle dearest!" I cried, excitedly. "Don't sit there! Get up, I entreat you!" And I caught her hand roughly and endeavoured to force her to rise.

Estelle evidently took my nervous manner for intentional badinage. She put on a pretty pout, and, settling herself, resolutely said, "I shall not stir till you fetch me my muff, Sir; then you may dictate as you please."

I hesitated yet another moment; but there seemed something so perfectly natural in her sitting there—something so contradictory of all my fears, and so convincing that the supposed sailor was merely a creation of my own imagination—that it was with a feeling verging on self-contempt for my weakness that I ran to pick up the muff.

When, after doing so, I looked up, not Estelle, but the now formidable apparition occupied the seat.

I closed my eyes in an agony of horror. I reopened them breathing a wild prayer the while. I tried to banish him from my thoughts and to think only of her. But there he was, square and broad and unmistakable, in the pilot coat and glazed cap strapped under his chin.

"Estelle!" I cried, in a terrible tone.

Her voice came to me, but with a distant ring in it, and the tones seemed faint and weak.

"Granville," it said. "What is delaying you; it is getting damp and cold."

For a moment, the voice of the loved one I could not see, sounding from the spot where I had left her but where she was not, paralysed my powers of motion; then, keeping my eye on the dreadful presence that hid her from my sight, I flew to the spot, to find Estelle sitting there shivering and drawing her cloak closer round her.

"What kept you, Granville dear," she asked. "I must have got a chill, for it grew cold and damp so suddenly."

I took her soft, little hand in mine and drew her way at once.

The next day we left the place.

CHAPTER II.

Our next scene opens in the beautiful lake country of Killarney, that has made green Erin of world-wide renown.

The first young leaves were unfolding on the boughs, the early spring flowers just peeped above the ground, the season was not sufficiently advanced to show to full advantage the beauties of that exquisite little paradise, but I was impatient to bring Estelle to the pretty little house I had prepared for her in London, and she was now making a tour of farewell visits to her friends in Ireland.

It had been arranged that I was to join the Merediths when they reached Kilgammole Castle, Killarney, where a large party had been invited to meet them.

A programme was arranged for each day's entertainment. An excursion through the Gap of Dunloe, with its musical echoes and wild scenery, not the least charm of which was the ride through the gap on the mountain-ponies to where the boats were waiting to row us down the exquisite lakes.

Who that has looked upon the view at the upper lake of Killarney can ever forget it? It may not be grand, but it is beautiful—perfect in its miniature loveliness with a fairylike charm that grander scenery can never possess.

Then came a drive through the charming domain of Muckross; a visit to Muckross Abbey, to Ross Castle, to Torc Waterfall, and a ride up Mangerton. Finally, a picnic was arranged to take place on Innisfallen island—sweet Innisfallen, as Moore calls it, that nestles in the centre of the lower lake, a fleck of green in a jewel of liquid sapphire. It is of this picnic that I have to speak.

The morning was unusually bright for the season. Our party comprised many boats; and, after rowing to Glenna Bay and other favourite spots, we landed on the island. Then, while preparations were being made for an al fresco repast, the party broke up into knots and detachments in that delightful, unpremeditated way for which picnics have the monopoly.

There is not a tree on that island that is not photographed on my memory as vividly as if I were now gazing upon it; not a bend in the path, not a pebble on the shore, that I see less clearly now than on that day, long, long ago, the last of my life, though not of my existence.

Not here—not till the grave shall have transfigured this mockery of the Granville that once was, into the Granville of that supreme hour—can my tongue dare re-frame those sweet words, those tender confidences, those happy anticipations, so awful in the pathos of their unconscious farewell!

We had lingered, unwisely, over our merry fête, and, absorbed by other thoughts, had not observed the ominous gathering of clouds that, rising from all parts of the horizon, had concentrated over our heads.

Storms and squalls are frequent in these mountain-bound districts; and before we had fully recognised our imprudence in waiting till the chilly spring evening had fallen, a loud clap of thunder had anticipated our worst fears.

In an instant we were on our feet, preparing to launch the boats before the rising wind should have lashed the water into frenzy.

Sometimes these violent storms pass off as suddenly as they rise, after spending their fury for a couple of hours. At other times they last two or three days, and on this occasion there seemed no prospect of a break in the ever-increasing darkness gathering round the tiny unprotected island.

"See to mamma," whispered Estelle, coming close to me. "I am so anxious about her. Don't leave her for an instant. She is dreadfully frightened. I will follow with Harry."

In a few minutes Mrs. Meredith, half-fainting with nervousness and terror, was clinging to my arm in the stern of one of the boats.

"Estelle, my love, are you there?" I called.

"Yes, quite safe," she answered gaily, in her sweet rippling tones. "I will follow in the next boat."

There was already a great swell upon the water, the frail gigs seemed to make no way against the wind that swept down in wild gusts from the Reeks and the narrow pass at the entrance to the Upper Lake, the thunder boomed till the very heavens seemed to shake and sudden showers of heavy sleety rain alternated with vivid flashes of lightning.

Either our boat was more heavily laden or our oarsmen less skilful than those of the other boats, for by the repeated flashes of lightning I saw that we had been outstripped.

One boat had already touched the shore, and the other two were ahead of us.

The sight was an ineffable relief. An awkward movement, a false stroke, on those angry, tumultuous waters would have been fatal.

Suddenly a cry from the many voices of the watchers on the shore struck on our ears through the raving of the storm.

"Two people left behind!"

"Let us put back!" I cried, with the sense of a horrible presentiment stealing upon me.

"That would be useless," answered one of my companions. "Our boat is overcrowded. Besides, they have already dispatched a punt from the land."

We were nearing a point where a circle of lanterns indicated the preparations made on shore for receiving us, and in the flickering light thrown by them on the water we could see a little punt just putting off.

The storm was beginning to abate, the thunder growled at a greater distance and at longer intervals, the lightning flashes were fainter and less frequent, yet, straining my eyes in one of these, I fancied I saw standing upon the island, Estelle, my beloved promised bride, holding her little brother Arthur by the hand.

Harry, then, the light-hearted, light-headed Harry, had left Innisfallen without her.

"To shore! To shore!" I exclaimed, in mad distress; and, handing the insensible form of Mrs. Meredith to one of the attendants as the boat grated against the pier, I sprang on land to seek my darling among the arrivals from the other boats.

She was not there; but, seeing her brother Harry at a little distance, "Where is Estelle?" I asked, eagerly seizing him by the arm.

"Why, don't you know?" he answered. "She was left behind. So much the better for her now the storm is over. She went to look for little Arthur and so we missed her. Don't be uneasy, Granville," he continued, noticing my troubled expression, "we have sent a punt over to fetch them, and I should not be surprised if the moon were up to light them across."

It seemed, indeed, as if the storm were destined to be only a mere squall, dispersing as suddenly as it had gathered; the clouds began to break, the sky became clear, and the wind fell.

"I will go with you to the pierhead," Harry said, compassionately, evidently distressed at my emotion; and, passing through the groups of friends and relatives interchanging congratulations on their escape, and comparing their experiences of peril, we reached the water's edge.

At that moment the moon, in full resplendent glory, sailed from behind a receding cloud and flooded with a magic lustre the troubled waters of the lake.

"There is the boat," cried Harry, "she will cross the moon's track in a second and be here in less than ten minutes."

It was not long, indeed, till she came in sight—a little punt rowed by one boatman, and in the stern Estelle, my beautiful Estelle, with little Arthur by her side.

Like a glorious vision breaking through the turmoil of a troubled dream, so the fairylike skiff glided into the silver stream of moonlight from under the shadow of the island.

At that moment one of the oars slipped from the hand of the boatman.

"Good gracious! Is the man drunk?" exclaimed Harry. "Look, Granville."

But I was no longer at his side. I had seen the faithless moon, harbinger of calm after storm, of peace after danger, shine down upon the boatman as he stooped to catch at his retreating oar; shine full upon his strongly-knit frame and set features; upon the pilot-coat buttoned across his breast and the glazed cap strapped under his chin.

It was he; he as I had seen him last on that fatal day when I had recklessly left my loved one alone a moment on the accursed seat, so ominously haunted; he whose image had persistently pursued me with a terrible dread, since her angel form had been eclipsed by his spectral presence.

Do the wild Kerry mountains still echo the cry of anguish and despair with which I burst from Harry's side and flung myself into the lake? [See Illustration.] Ere the waters closed over my head the last object upon which my eyes rested was the punt and its Heaven-claimed freight engulfed in the boiling waters as the terrible boatman overbalanced it with his weight in his attempt to catch at the receding oar.

A. H. W.

THE SPECTRE STAG.

Shines the sad moon o'er plain and hill,
O'er forest lakelet's brink;
The White Hart comes at midnight still
And pauses there to drink.

A wicked Lord, whose castle walls
Have crumbled in decay,
When Death surprised him in those halls,
Cursed his dear soul away.

Yet, by St. Hubert's mercy, he
Has yet on earth a place;
He seems, the doom of sin to dree,
The Stag he used to chase.

Thrice nightly, startled from his rest
By fierce approaching sounds,
He quits his ferny lair, distressed
By Satan's cry of hounds;

And rushes, plunging through the brake,
But, when the noise is done,
Crawls with a shudder to the lake
To quench his thirst alone.

The stealthy poacher's levelled aim
In vain is truly got;
He needs, to shoot this goblin game,
A gun with cursed shot.

A silver bullet, from that coin
Which Judas valued so,
Makes the White Hart his soul resign
To deeper realms of woe.—L. T.



CHRISTMAS ON THE "WAVE."—DRAWN BY H. R. ROBERTSON.

THE TOILERS AND MOILERS OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

"Toiling and moiling," I beg to inform purists in language, are "good words," of a very ancient date; although it is only within recent years that poor Hartley Coleridge, in translating a passage from a Latin author, modernised the expression "to toil and moil," as signifying to labour not only arduously but painfully. "Moiling" is the supplement to "toiling," just as in old Emblem Quarles's well-known poem "droiling" is supplementary to "delving." To say that a man moiled and droiled would be as much a pleonasm as to say that he dug and delved; and he may toil without moiling and delve without droiling. But it is when the labour is emphatically "hard"—when it brings about fatigue of mind as well as weariness of body—when it jades to the utmost our very best faculties, mental and physical—that we moil as well as toil, and droil as well as delve. And do not for a moment imagine that the so-called "hard labour" to which convicts are put necessarily implies any moiling on the part of the felonious toiler. The main object of a prisoner is to do as little work as ever he possibly can; and the hardest-fagged convict at Portsmouth or Portland does not (so prison officers have told me) accomplish during his ten hours' task-work as much actual and substantial production as a free workman will achieve in six hours. We only toil and moil when our hearts are thoroughly in our work, and when we strive our very best to do it in an efficient and workman-like manner; when we have before us the incentive of remuneration, of applause, or of promotion; and when our minds are dominated (sometimes only semi-consciously) by the idea that what we are doing will make other people comfortable and happy. The journeyman carpenter who toils and moils his hardest, and saws and planes for dear life at over-time, has the direct and particular knowledge that his extra labour means not so many more shillings added to his weekly wage, but so much more material comfort and happiness to his wife and children at home, in the shape of more food, more fuel, and more warm clothing; whereas, on the other hand, the engineer who toils and moils at perfecting some new and ingenious machine is actuated not only by the particular idea that he will be able to patent his machine and gain fame and fortune thereby, but by the general impression that "other people"—that is to say, the world at large—are going to be made happier and better by means of his invention.

So much for the philological and the ethical aspects of toiling and moiling. It is now my ambition to show how at Christmastide in London, the Few—by which few I mean some thousands of either sex, and of every age above that of infancy—are bound to toil and moil in a very persistent and exhausting manner, indeed, in order to afford relaxation, recreation, and enjoyment to the Many—that is to say, some three millions and a half of Londoners: to say nothing of our country cousins, our aunts from the Midland Counties, our wives' relations from the Channel Islands, and our uncles from Bombay, concerning whose testamentary dispositions in our favour we entertain such bright expectations:—quite forgetful of the contingency that our uncle from Bombay may have sunk all his savings in the purchase of an annuity, and may be living (the naughty old man!) quite up to his income. But especially, in this survey of toiling and moiling, do I address myself to the boys and girls who come home from boarding-school for the Christmas holidays. The Christmas holidays! Blissful words! They mean, to the juvenile imagination, an Act for the Abolition of Slavery throughout the entire empire of Pedagogia; they mean the repeal of all the hideous edicts known as school rules and regulations; they mean the temporary proscription and annihilation of Lindley Murray, of Dr. Colenso (in his arithmetical, not his episcopal, character), of Liddell and Scott's lexicon, and of all Dr. William Smith's school-books; they mean to sweet girl *under-graduates*, with their golden hair, a respite from the declension of German nouns and the conjugation of French irregular verbs—a surcease from all wearisome lectures on astronomy, physical geography, natural science, and the belles lettres; they mean no more scoldings from Miss Hardman, the head governess, no more terrific reprimands from Mrs. Yamstock, the lady principal of Longwood House, Atlantic-terrace, St. Helena-road. They mean, to boys, no more dire wrestlings with classical authors who always get the better of their unwilling antagonists; no more "impositions" and "pensums;" no more fierce objurgations from Scotch ushers; no more interviews with Dr. Birch in the study with the blinds down: the third interlocutor being a tall, thin personage of dry and hard appearance, whose voice, when agitated, is hissing harsh in its tones, and who is Dr. Birch's own namesake. All this has come to an end—for a time. School lessons, school hours, school punishments, are about to be exchanged for the ease and luxury and merriment of Home. The dreary school bill of fare—the Sunday's beef and "stickjaw," the Monday's mutton, the Tuesday's beef, the Wednesday's mutton again, the Thursday's ambiguous stew, the Friday's mutton (yes, once more mutton), and the Saturday's pie (horrible pie, in which all the most indigestible fragments of the week seem to have been resuscitated)—will be replaced by the somewhat overabundant dietary of Christmas at home. There will be puddings; but they will have real plums in them. There will be pies; but they will contain mince-meat. And yet these delights, all glorious as they are, will be but of brief duration. "The circles of our felicities," writes wise Sir Thomas Browne, "make but short arches." And what says old Emblem Quarles, whom I quoted anon:—

The dainties here,
Are least what they appear,
Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sour:
The fruit that's yellow,
Is found not always mellow;
The fairest tulip's not the sweetest flow'r.

There will come a time, and that speedily, my young masters and misses, when plumpudding and mincepies will begin to pall upon you; when the Christmas picture-books will lose their charm, and the Christmas shops and bazaars will no longer prove attractive. Have you not observed how uneasy and fractious the majority of schoolboys and schoolgirls grow towards the third week in January? They are longing for another kind of felicity—a felicity consisting in surreptitious bed-room suppers, bolstering-matches, play-ground games, gossip, and sauntering—a felicity only to be found at St. Helena House, and at the Twiggery, Busby House, Switcham, S.W. I firmly believe that the vast majority of boys and girls are as anxious towards the close of the holidays to go back to school as their parents may be to see their return thereto; and then, so soon as they return to the fostering care of Dr. Birch or Mrs. Yamstock, they begin to count the days to Easter and Midsummer:—which is the way of the world, both in and out of school, and always will be, I suppose.

Boys and girls may tell me that they have undergone quite enough drudgery (and to spare) during the "last half" to absolve them from the need of taking any notice of the difficult tasks undertaken by others for their amusement at Christmas. This may be; but the boys and girls of the present age are amazingly sharp and shrewd young people; and it is not only expedient that they should be told, but I am convinced they will come readily to understand, the kind of hard labour which is performed by the Few, in order that the Many may enjoy themselves at Christmastide. Between the "toilers and moilers," of whom I am treating, it is necessary to draw a distinction, which does not, however, imply any very great difference. There are the toilers *for* Christmas, and the toilers and moilers of Christmas itself. In the first-named class must be reckoned a great host of booksellers, publishers, master printers and compositors, machine hands, artists, engravers, lithographers, and photographers engaged in the production of what are called "Christmas books," and of the "Christmas Numbers" of magazines and periodicals. I do not include authors and journalists in this category. They are always toiling and moiling, and the seasons make very little difference in the severity of their labours; save that about the middle of July the publishers begin to worry them for stories, or poems, or essays which are to be produced about the middle of November, under the guise of "Christmas Numbers." The magazines and periodicals run races with each other, nowadays, for priority in publication; and I should not be at all surprised to find in 1875 that the Christmas numbers of our serials were all brought out between Easter Monday and St. Swithin's Day. As regards the "Christmas Cards"—the polychromatic devices, ranging between humble representations of robin redbreasts perched upon holly-bushes to elaborate pictures of Mediæval and Oriental design—it is absolutely necessary that their production should be commenced during the spring or early summer; for to such extensive manufacturers of these articles—many of which are really beautiful works of art—as Marcus Ward and kindred firms, orders for Christmas cards, for home use or for exportation, come in, literally, by the million. As a rule, it may be estimated that all the Christmas cards wanted should be ready for delivery by the end of September; and that little enterprise being completed, the spirited designers, lithographers, and printers are at liberty to set forthwith to work on the Valentines which, likewise by the million, will be required for distribution among the trade for the ensuing year. Surely, all these clever and industrious artists and artisans, and the manufacturers who find the capital and have likewise to find a market for the goods they produce, may well deserve to be called "toilers and moilers." But they toil and moil not *at*, but *for*, Christmas. Precisely the same may be said of the wholesale confectioners who make comfits and sweetmeats by the ton, who prepare candied fruits by the hoghead, and chocolate creams by sacksfull, in view of the gift-season of Christmas and the New Year; and of the ingenious art-workmen who fabricate and gild and paint and decorate the dainty boxes and caskets in which those sweetmeats are enshrined. Their toiling and moiling are over, or have been replaced by other tasks long before the end of the year. This will apply also, but only in degree, to the myriads of toys, great and small, simple and elaborate, cheap and expensive—to the almost innumerable nicknacks suspended from the branches of the Christmas-trees, and to the trees themselves, which, by whole groves of dwarf firs at a time, are imported, during the late autumn and early winter, into this country from North Germany. Toymaking, from the casting of such "little tin soldiers" as Hans Christian Andersen has written about so exquisitely—from the making of liliputian chandeliers, stuck with wax tapers small enough to have lighted Queen Mab to bed—from the carving and painting of the wooden sirloins of beef and legs of mutton in the shop of "Mr. Bull, Butcher," to the grandest of dolls' houses, or park phaetons, or Arabian conjurers, or dancing bears, or musical monkeys, or harmonious cats which Mr. Cremer, of Regent-street, may have to dispense—all this is a manufacture that goes on all the year round, and chiefly in Germany. There is, of course, a great deal of toil connected with it, but there is not necessarily much "moiling." The work—that, I mean, of the simpler kind—is mainly done by children; and it is more pleasant than distressing to them.

The persons to whom by far the largest share of "toiling and moiling" falls at Christmas-tide itself are the distributors of all the pretty things which have been made during the summer and the autumn months, to gladden the eyes or to tickle the palates of the holiday-makers in December. Let us take "Mr. Bull, Butcher," for example—not the diminutive Mr. Bull in painted wood who stands (occasionally on his head) or who lies in a horizontal position in front of his shop, and who, under any circumstances, looks very much like Shem out of the Noah's ark, coloured sky-blue, and with extra touches of red about his cheeks and nose—but the living Mr. Bull, of Kensington, or Brompton, or St. James's, whose name may be Slater, or Lidstone, or Scarlet. The amount of toiling and moiling which has to be gone through by these honest folk and their blue-jerkined assistants during the week preceding

and the week following Christmas Day is simply enormous. The work *must* be done, and there are no two ways of doing it. Everybody wants beef. The mind of all London is set upon meat. Day and night, early and late, the butchers are cutting up carcasses, trimming joints, and jointing the joints themselves. Early and late they are weighing and packing up, and "sending out." Early and late the butchers' comely wives and daughters are busy in their little back dens of counting-houses scribbling out the bills. Early and late the well-filled butchers' carts are rattling swiftly along the great exterior boulevards of the metropolis, or the stalwart young butchers' boys (saucey varlets they are), with their sleek heads bare as bluecoat boys', and so shiny that their pomade would seem to have been a fat sheep's tail, career about on fast-trotting ponies, huge baskets of meat on their arms. If they do not toil and moil, why, all I can say is, I can never have toiled and moiled myself. Yet Mr. Bull, butcher, and all his following seem to like their toiling and moiling intensely. Mr. Bull sends you, with his compliments, a radiantly coloured photograph, depicting the exterior of his establishment hung well-nigh from the chimney-pots to the cellar-flaps with enormous carcasses and joints—the beefy prize-winners of the Smithfield show; whole sheep in thickly serried columns; regiments of legs of mutton; and with, perhaps, a few pigs, affably simpering in death, thrown in to aid the artistic symmetry of the composition. Mr. Bull is proud of this panorama of meat. His men are proud of it. His wife and daughters smile over their perpetual little bills. The butcher's boys whistle as they leap into their saddles, and the fast-trotting ponies neigh with exultation. Everybody is content, even to the large, corpulent tom-cat of the butcher's shop, which sits, full of choice meat and philosophy, on a stool over against the block, gravely purring, in a furry ruff as majestic as the starched *fraise* of the Gevartius of Vandyke. Everybody is content except the thrifty housewife, who finds at Christmas-tide that "meat is meat indeed"—that prime sirloin is one and twopence, that leg of mutton is close upon a shilling, and that rumpsteak is eighteen pence a pound. Everybody is content, except Lazarus, who, in looped and windowed raggedness, pressing his meagre arms against his ribs to keep the cold out, crawls slowly by, and eyes with a look of wolfish hunger the mighty joints which hang from the hooks of Mr. Bull, butcher.

Did you ever go down to Leadenhall Market at Christmastide? Did you ever go up to the Metropolitan Dead Meat Market at the "festive season"? Psha! There is no need for you to undertake so long a journey in weather that may perchance be foggy, or frosty, or rainy. You need not go further than Tucker's, in the Strand, to witness a quantity of Christmastide toiling and moiling which a galley-slave—were there any galley-slaves nowadays—might think *de trop*. When you have duly watched the pomp and circumstance of piles of prize turkeys, hecatombs of fat capons, heaps of prime ox-tongues, mounds of pheasants and partridges, piles of York hams, pyramids of Welsh mutton, to say nothing of sausages, Bath chaps, fresh butter, and such "pretty, little, tiny kickshaws" as clotted-cream and foreign cheeses, go your ways, and look in at Mr. Rimmel's, in the Strand, and watch the young lady assistants, as busy as bees in distributing Christmas perfumes, and Christmas soaps, and Christmas trinkets and ornaments of almost every description. Then cross the road to the remarkable emporium of sweetmeats close to the Adelphi Theatre, which is popularly known as the "Cough-no-more shop." I never knew it by any other name, although for more years than I care to remember I have dealt there for almond-rock, toffee, hardbake, and candied horehound, for presentation to the small young ladies of my acquaintance. Nor have I found that large young ladies are averse from receiving *cadeaux* of sweetstuff, when judiciously given. You must never say to Lady Clara Vere de Vere, "Will you have some almond-rock?" Such a crude query would make her Ladyship blush, and opine that you are a very ill-mannered yeoman indeed. You should say, "I have brought you some almond-rock;" and if she doesn't take, and eat, and like it, why, my ancestors came over with William of Orange, and I am a Dutchman. We are a very odd people. A Frenchman buys and eats *bon-bons* habitually; Americans of all ages delight in "candies"; the Italians and Spaniards rejoice in their *dolcezze* and *dulces*; and a stout German gentleman with a beard and spectacles does not hesitate to enter a *conditorei* and to eat lollipops, even if he smokes while he sucks them. But among civilised nations we are the solitary one who are ashamed to avow, after we have grown up, that we are partial to "goodies;" and if you meet a middle-aged friend at the "Cough-no-more shop" he blushes and stammers, and says that he has come there for marshmallow lozenges. I *always* believe that he has repaired thither to purchase two ounces and a half of almond rock or sixpennyworth of chocolate creams, and that he will take the underground railway at Charing-cross, get out at the St. James's Park station (which is said to be haunted by the phantoms of Robinson Crusoe and Herr Zimmerman, author of the "Essay on Solitude"), and eat his sweetstuff in secret. But I hope he will eat it, anyhow. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. There is always hope for a sinner of forty-five who can eat toffee.

Toiling and moiling at Christmastide! Ask the booking clerks at the railway parcels offices; ask the employés of the Parcels Delivery Company; ask the stalwart fellows who drive the vans for Pickford's and Chaplin and Horne; ask the railway porters if they know what toiling and moiling at Christmastide means. If they are not precisely aware of the signification of the expression, they toil and moil in practice most laboriously. We grumble sorely if the barrel of oysters which we have sent to our uncle from Bombay (with a view towards a warm corner in his will) does not arrive into the avuncular hands until about a fortnight after we have dispatched the present; we write furious letters to the *Times* because we have experienced some delay in receiving the two pheasants and a hare sent us by our aunt in the Midland Counties at Christmas; but do we think quite enough about

the toiling and moiling of the poorly-paid working people who have been bound to put into the space of twelve hours every day a quantity of labour which should have been spread over twenty-four? Inquire of the grocers, and cheesemongers, and porkbutchers—seek to know among the theatrical folks, from the stage manager to the call-boy, from the clown to the ballet-girl, from the scene-painter to the scene-shifter, what *they* think about Christmastide. In different terms, may be, but in one chorus of unanimous feeling, they will tell you that they are toilers and moilers early and late, and that, on the whole, “they don’t mind it.” The thing has got to be done, and they do it, with all their strength. Grumbling never reduced friction; a sour face never sharpened a saw nor planed a plank; and, if our business be to toil and moil, our labour will be lightened if we smile over our task, and, as Mr. Bull’s butcher-boys do, whistle as we climb into the saddle. Only, I cannot help thinking, boys and girls of all growths, that the knowledge of the exertions of the toilers and moilers of Christmastide should tend to make us somewhat charitable and tolerant towards the failings—when failings there be—of the Few who work their fingers to the bone—for the enjoyment of the Many. Don’t be so very furious if your uncle’s oysters are tardy in coming, and if the games sent by your aunt arrive in a somewhat too “gamey” condition. Don’t be too prompt to hiss and hoot at the play on Boxing Night, if some of the tricks in the pantomime hang fire, if the transformation scene “sticks,” and if the clown is too hoarse to sing “Hot Codlins.” Have a little patience with Mr. Bull, butcher, and Mr. Figg, the grocer, and Mr. Tubb, the buttermilk. Think how sorely they have been toiling and moiling this Christmastide, when you—I assume you to be affluent boys and girls—are only called upon to spend your pocket money, and enjoy yourselves. And that enjoyment will have a keener zest if you bestow a kindly thought on the Toilers and Moilers of Christmastide.

REFLECTIONS.

What ails bright Bessie? What grave care
Falls shadow-like on face and brow?
The household pet, as good as fair,
She moved in tranquil mood till now.
Embodiment of joyous grace,
The soul of girlish merriment
Which lighted up her dimpling face
Flung sunshine round her as she went.
Her laugh made everyone rejoice,
As through the house it gaily rang;
The music of her mellow voice
Was sweet as though an angel sang.
Her heart was like the busy bee
That gathers sweets from merest weeds;
Or with its subtle alchemy
Transmuting all on which it feeds;
So turning veriest dross to gold,
And making duldest things to shine,
Sparkling with beauties manifold,
Till what was human seemed divine.
It then resembled yon clear stream,
Reflecting all that’s bright and fair,
And flushed with many a golden gleam,
For heaven itself was mirrored there.
But now ’tis like that river’s face
Where skimming swallows dip their wings—
The little circles interlace
And spread in ever-widening rings,
Till the smooth mirror which it bore
Is scored by myriad tiny waves,
And images of sky and shore
In their bright birthplace find their graves.
Love gains by diverse means the prize:
Now creeps, now mounts on soaring wing;
At times he steals in gentlest wise,
Anon bursts in with sudden spring,—
As now, bewildering heart and brain:
What means this teasing, pleasing smart?
This compound strange of joy and pain
That sweeps across her maiden heart?
As one who walketh in her sleep
Or in deep trance is sudden bound,
Her eyes a seeming vigil keep,
Yet take no heed of aught around.
Then tingling comes the rush of life,
And every nerve with transport thrills;
No conflict now of jarring strife,
A flood of joy her being fills.
She clasps her lover’s letter tight,
She holds it to her lips and heart;
Exclaiming in her proud delight,
“Oh, we will never, never part!”
“He loves me, loves me—he is mine!
(Ye little birds, join in my glee!)
Yes, mine, mine, mine! O bliss divine!
(Warble, ye birds, with ecstasy!)”
Thus in a sweet abandonment
She sets her spirit free in song,
And feels in her supreme content
All lovely things to her belong.
What sudden brightness shines on high?
What glory on the earth is known?
Love’s glamour lights up earth and sky,
For Love has found another throne.

JOHN LATEY.

The Coloured Supplement.

THE SQUIRE’S DAUGHTER.

Good morning, pretty maid!
So arch, yet gravely staid,
With your basketful of fruit,
And your sweeter self to boot,
You seem a wood-nymph wild,
Pomona’s favourite child,
Or dryad newly caught;
And so one might have thought,
Only one gladly knew
That you’re our dear Miss Prue.
With such an air serene,
You look a little queen,
Yes, really you do.
Our little Lady Bountiful,
Take all the other county-full,
There’s none so sweet as you.
As spring’s new-kindling flush
Deepens to summer blush,
So in your fair young face
One readily can trace
A dawning prophecy
Of beauties yet to be.
You’ll be just such another
Bright lady as your mother,
As tender and as true.
On what errand are you bound?
You need not say, Miss Prue;
I know as well as you
Where you will soon be found.
You’ll see the Misses Dove,
With your mother’s kindest love;
There you will sit and prattle,
Caressing them the while,
And listen to their tattle
With sympathising smile;
So cheer the invalids
While tending to their needs.
Next to sunshine and pure air
Is the tonic that you bear,
Better than draughts and pills
For most of human ills.
You need not open your eyes
With such a strange surprise,
They were large enough before.
Bless you, the doctor knows
Most matters as he goes
Pottering from door to door.
I’ve heard folk of all ranks
Give you most hearty thanks.
So take it not in dudgeon,
My dear, demure Miss Prue,
That I, an old curmudgeon,
Blow just one kiss to you.

THE COTTER’S CHILD.

Dear little Dame Durden,
Staggering under thy burden,
Yet laughing outright;
Though somewhat o’erfreighted,
Thou hughest delighted
Thy load to thee tight.
For the rich prize thou bearest
In spirit thou hearest
The riotous glee
As the cottage thou nearest;
Yet some one, thou fearest,
May snatch it from thee.
Thyself such a treasure,
Thou givest the measure
Of thy parents as well
For sure such a daughter
Has kind ones who taught her
Love’s magical spell.
Hugo emblem of plenty,
May the Being who sent thee
Keep want from their door!
There bountiful blessings
And love’s own caressings
Be known evermore!
And, little Dame Durden,
May no grievous burden
E’er fall to thy lot!
May no sorrow scare thee,
No wrong-doing snare thee,
Thou dear little Tot!—J. L.

“LES PIGEONS BLANCS.”

A dark-eyed beauty of the Egyptian harem, left to amuse herself as she pleases in the wide precincts of her master’s palace gardens, welcomes the harmless companionship of these two favourite birds. As they cling to her raised hands or perch on her shoulders, the spotless white of their plumage has an effective foil in the luxuriant abundance of her black hair falling dishevelled around that thoughtless head. It was fabled of the Moslem Prophet that he had a pet pigeon which used to get close to his ear (attracted there, as the scolding sceptics maliciously said, by the bait of a pea or a grain of millet); and this bird was fancied by vulgar credulity to whisper the oracles of celestial wisdom. If the pigeons here attending this graceful Fatima or Zobeide have any particular message for her instruction, she does not look much the wiser; but her sole mission in life is to be indolently handsome. Such as she is, the French artist has depicted her; and our Engraving, from one of Messrs. Goupil’s photographs, sets this representation before the eyes of the reader.

MR. RAVENS’S STEPSON.

CHAPTER I.

“A very queer-looking house, Sir?”

“Very,” said I, turning with a smile to the well-dressed middle-aged man at my elbow. I had noticed him that morning in the coffee-room of the hotel at Aversleigh, and I had seen him approach me as I stood staring from the centre of the long and hilly road at a sinister old house that seemed to cower with a semi-human intelligence behind the ragged hedge and tall lean trees that fronted it. To one of those trees was nailed a board intimating that “These premises, together with the fine grounds, covering a surface of two acres,” were to be let unfurnished; the letters scarcely legible, so perseveringly had the rain striven to efface them and the wind to hide them with dust.

“Have you any idea of taking it?” asked my companion.

“Heaven forbid!” I replied; and I turned to look at the scene it faced. That was quite desolate. A great bay of mud, the water being at ebb, with a lead-coloured line of sea far out; bounded on the right by a low, treeless shore, where was visible no human habitation save a small block of coastguards’ cottages; black piles driven in the mud, from a distance resembling drowned men whom the water had left standing on their feet; between the road and the mud a range of ugly sandhills, sparsely covered with dry and yellow vegetation over all a sad-coloured sky, without break of cloud—without one variation in the spirit crushing monotony of the hue from horizon to horizon. Across the mud at intervals, bringing with them no flavour of the salt breath of Old Ocean, came fitful gusts of wind, impregnating the air with an odour of wintry death and decay, rattling the dry leaves in the ragged hedge, and calling denunciatory echoes out of the lean trees.

“Heaven forbid!” said I.

My companion went to the gate and tried it. The old lock held hard.

“No matter!” he exclaimed, with a movement of the hand as though thrusting the whole place from him.

“Do you know the house?” I inquired.

“Perfectly well, and the people who used to live in it. It will never let. Social prejudice runs still strongly against it. See the view it commands! Anything more weird than that bay at night, when the moonlight makes the black mud glisten, the world does not hold. Unredeemed by one touch of the picturesque! Not a single detail in all these miles of sand, and mud, and water to bring them within reach of any kind of human sympathy! Ah! Sir, I could tell you a queer story of that house.”

He glanced at it with his eyes askew and walked some paces away, as under an impulse; then called to me, “Are you returning?”

“Not yet. I started in search of an appetite. Your company will give me great pleasure, and I shall be glad to hear the story of that house. It is a picture in my mind I should like to make permanent by knowledge of its human interests.”

“The ‘Newgate Calendar,’ by omitting one of those interests, neglects a captivating embellishment. I know this part of the country well, and can show you prettier scenery than this highway will conduct you to. As we walk I shall be happy to bestow my tediousness upon you.”

This preface must suffice. Here is the story:—

In the year 1845 a young man, who had recently quitted one of the Universities, and was on the look-out for an opportunity to make commercial use of the knowledge he had been at some pains and expense to acquire, found himself, by the death of his father, left alone in the world, with an income of one hundred pounds a year—which was altogether insufficient. His name was Matthew Goodlake. He was tolerably good-looking; delicate both in health and appearance; had brown eyes, which women admired because of their pensiveness; an expression in nowise to be regarded as a passport to fortune, since sensibility and success, in anything but in love and poetry—two impoverishing resources—were never known to pair. Mr. Goodlake had seen little of the world; and, by consequence, was singularly unsuspicious. Nor as yet had he suffered any mortifications or disappointments. He had never been in love; the great amiability of his character had won him many friends at college; but friends he never courted. His friends were his books. He was a great reader; an ardent student; but, though he had talent, and was possessed of perseverance enough to have elevated his gifts to a high order, he wanted impudence, or, if you please, audacity, and was therefore worse off than the uneducated charlatan.

As he had not money enough to live on, he put an advertisement in the papers in which he offered his services as secretary or tutor. You know how those advertisements run. You may have sometimes wasted a moment in thinking on the sad, discouraged hearts that beat behind them. In poverty gentility is no privilege, but a bitter restriction. It is an unphilosophical thought; yet I have sometimes wished to see castles levelled, that the pride which chains poor gentlemen to sordid and hungry respectability may be broken, and those opportunities provided them which make artisans and field-labourers the richer men.

Mr. Goodlake had a bed-room near Great Portland-street, in London; and one morning, five days after his advertisement had appeared, a servant knocked at his door to say that there was a gentleman in the parlour who wished to see him. On entering the room he saw a man standing with his back to the door, looking through the window. The man turned, and bowed politely. There was nothing remarkable in this man’s appearance—nothing that would induce you to look after him had he passed you in the street. And yet there were two points in his face which the longer you looked at him the more they grew into a defined and quite curious personality, inasmuch that they, and they only, became *him*—subordinating all the rest of his visible frame and face, and involving the sum total of the presentment of the man that the mind could afterwards dwell on.

These points were his whiskers and his eyes. His whiskers



REFLECTIONS.—DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID.



LES PIGEONS BLANCS.—FROM THE PICTURE BY E. V. LECOMTE.

were intensely black, extending an inch on each side of the chin (which was shaved a livid blue), and spreading in two dense, ebony-coloured mats over his cheeks. The hair was coarse, stubborn, and bristly; had he let all of it come that offered, scarcely more than his nose and forehead would have been visible. But his upper lip, as well as his chin, was shaved; and the effect of the red lips—both lips remarkably full—contrasted with the blue of the shaved skin, was in some degree ghastly. His eyes were very small, set deep in two caverns overhung with shaggy brows; keen, black, restless eyes, that scintillated and leapt in their sockets; far from comprehensive in their glances, for they were ever reverting to the same objects; and yet to all appearance charged with so lightning-like an intelligence that it seemed impossible they could miss of the most delicate detail or secret suggestion. Add now an aquiline nose, somewhat blunt at the point, but with sharply-edged nostrils; a low forehead, with a tumorous projection over one brow; an abundance of black hair, parted on one side and brushed backwards; a wiry figure, with vibratory legs and arms. He was dressed entirely in black cloth, the waistcoat buttoned close to the collar; his boots brilliantly polished; one great diamond ring on the middle finger of his right hand—a square hand, with square finger-points and nails close bitten. His voice was creamy and persuasive.

"I have called, Sir"—his nimble eyes glanced with astounding rapidity over Mr. Goodlake's person, settling for a second upon his face, then sweeping the room and alighting on Mr. Goodlake's boots, to fly to his face again—"in reply to your advertisement, which I had the pleasure of reading last Friday morning, at my residence, Tuftnell Hall, Saltwell. Do you know that part of the country?" with a smile that disclosed a set of polished teeth.

Mr. Goodlake replied that he did not.

"Before we proceed any further," said the stranger, preserving his smile, which, somehow or other, instead of lighting up his face, seemed to discolour the skin of it, "it will, perhaps, be best if I politely inquire what your expectations are—may, let me put it thus—what pecuniary recompense you require for your services?"

"I thought of asking a hundred a year," replied Mr. Goodlake, bashfully, a little disturbed by the unsettled state of his visitor's eyes, though he thought him a very polite person.

"Exactly. Board and lodging included, of course?"

"Yes."

"I understand. I have come to London expressly to make inquiries for some gentleman of undoubted abilities and knowledge, to undertake the education of my stepson, John Mudlow, a youth of thirteen. He has been neglected. His mother's only son, Sir. Maternal affection, though a beautiful—let me say a holy—is what we are sometimes obliged to call a spoiling emotion, Mr."—

"Goodlake."

"Thank you, Mr. Goodlake. But let me reserve my confidences for a future date. One hundred pounds a year, I think you said? Paid quarterly, I presume? Your terms suit me; and I trust that I may be permitted to congratulate myself on having met with precisely the kind of gentleman I could wish my stepson to be taken in hand by."

He bowed to Mr. Goodlake, rubbing his hands and smiling fixedly. Mr. Goodlake could not possibly help feeling gratified by so much politeness, though he found himself thinking more of the man's whiskers than his words. They formed a perfect ambush of hair, behind which their owner's face seemed to retire at sudden intervals, as if for the purpose of recruiting the strength of the smile with which it invariably reappeared.

"My card, Sir," he said blandly, diving his square hand into a side-pocket and extracting a pocket-book. On the card was inscribed, "Josiah Ravens." In the corner, "Tuftnell Hall, Saltwell." Mr. Ravens watched the young man's face; but his eyes glanced off, and straightway resumed their leaping, revolving action the moment Mr. Goodlake looked at him.

"When can you join us?" he asked, coming out of his whiskers.

"At any time convenient to you."

"I think we quite understand each other. May I ask what your religious views are? Pray pardon me." He retired behind his whiskers whilst he waited for the answer.

Mr. Goodlake told him he was a member of the Church of England.

"I am happy to hear it. Depend upon it, Sir, there is no profession of Christianity superior to that in which the Church, the Established Church of this great country, instructs her members."

Saying which, all of Mr. Ravens's face that *could* come forth emerged in the shape of a deep, cavernous smile. He then rose, and began to draw on his gloves with surprising rapidity.

"In matters of this kind," taking a glance at himself in the looking-glass and then running his eyes over Mr. Goodlake, "and, indeed, in matters of most kinds which refer on the one hand to one person's interests and on the other hand to another person's wishes, expedition is merely humane; and humanity, by which I mean sympathy, must always be the animating impulse of every right-minded man. This conference need not be prolonged. When did you say you could join us?" Here he went behind his whiskers. This facial withdrawal from the scene usually followed a question. His face appeared to take flight the moment his mind became expectant.

Mr. Goodlake repeated that he was entirely at Mr. Ravens's disposal.

"Thank you. Shall we say Wednesday? That will give you time to make your preparations."

"If you please."

"Very well, Mr. Goodlake. That is settled. Allow me now, Sir, to wish you good day."

He extended his hand and walked briskly to the door. On the pavement he turned to give Mr. Goodlake a bow, waved his square hand, and vanished round the corner.

The nearest railway station to Saltwell was Aversleigh, about two miles from Tuftnell Hall. Aversleigh, in those days, was a wretched little village, with a naked, unprotected platform for passengers to alight on. The day of Mr. Goodlake's arrival was a bleak one in November. Ragged fragments of snow, vestiges of a brief fall during the night, lay scattered upon the face of the country, which, bound in the blighting embrace of a black frost, looked woefully sterile and desolate. He could obtain no vehicle to convey him to the house, nor boy to carry his portmanteau. However, his baggage was not very cumbersome. Taking directions from a man who stood flapping his arms near a signal-post, he started.

Not even the recollection of Mr. Ravens's very remarkable politeness and the promise it gave of a pleasant reception could save him, as he walked, from a great depression of spirits. Presently he caught sight of the great bay, over which the black water flowed without a ripple, save upon the margin where it crawled with an edging of drab-coloured froth. Far away was the sea, a pale, still line, beyond the bay where the grey heaven held its deepest shadow. But it seemed a very mockery, a chill and dreary phantasm of the bright blue sparkling ocean by whose joyous breakers he had sported when a boy.

Ere long he reached Tuftnell Hall. The gate was open; he passed along the short avenue, and knocked at the door. Whilst he waited he ran his eye over the house. An old-fashioned building, with green shutters to all the windows, a roof of red tiles, a porch up which crept the naked tendrils of creepers which in summer doubtless made the trellis-work verdant enough; on the right a conservatory, the panes of glass small and beared; around, some two acres of ground, much neglected, with many trees lifting their skeleton limbs like things that had been starved to death. Everywhere a ponderous stillness. The door was opened by a middle-aged woman. He inquired for Mr. Ravens; she desired him to enter; took his portmanteau, and ushered him into a room, briefly announcing him as the "Tutor." A great fire blazed in the grate; close to it, in an arm-chair, sat a lady, knitting; opposite her stood Mr. Ravens, who, on Mr. Goodlake entering, darted forwards with vibratory legs to receive him.

"Welcome, Mr. Goodlake. Welcome, Sir. Mrs. Ravens, my dear, our John's preceptor."

Mrs. Ravens bowed, with a sudden jerk and a spring backwards, recovering her posture and resuming her work. Never smiling; but disclosing, as she raised her head, a pale, fleshy, and freckled face.

"Draw to the fire, Mr. Goodlake, and warm yourself," Mr. Ravens exclaimed, getting behind an arm-chair and pointing into it. "This is fearful weather for the poor; and we feel its worst severity here, owing to our exposed situation. You have reached us in good time—we have not dined yet. You are doubtless hungry after your long journey."

Mr. Goodlake answered that he was rather tired. The walk from the station was fatiguing. Mr. Ravens came round to the fire and extended his hands to catch the heat. In the ruddy light his whiskers looked intensely black, his lips intensely red, his chin intensely livid. He could not rest. He seemed incapable of sitting. Some portion of him was incessantly in motion—generally, the whole man.

"Did I understand you to say that you had a father, Mr. Goodlake?" he inquired, retreating behind his whiskers, and sending his little eyes dancing and twinkling over the young man, from top to toe.

"No. I am an orphan. My father died six months ago. My mother when I was a child."

"Sad, very sad to lose one's parents—especially one's mother," said Mr. Ravens, looking at his wife, and then at the fire, and then at Mr. Goodlake in the space of about one second. "A father may be replaced—but a mother, never. We can have but one mother, Sir; and when death takes her from us a void is made that no other kind of human love can ever adequately fill."

In the pause that followed this observation it seemed to Mr. Goodlake that Mr. Ravens's face withdrew and reappeared at least half a dozen times.

"I think you agree with me, Charlotte?"

Mrs. Ravens looked up, and said "Yes," and looked down again, and went on knitting. Mr. Goodlake noticed that she had light eyes, that her hair was the colour of sand, and that her hands were very thin and long. There had been a mechanical promptitude in her reply, and in the actions which had accompanied it, that disposed Mr. Goodlake to feel rather speculative as he regarded her. Mr. Ravens asked him many questions, of a somewhat personal nature, it struck our young friend on the whole; for which he apologised with his cavernous smile, which was in every way as remarkable as his eyes and his whiskers. He certainly appeared to take a most uncommon interest in the young man, and studied him, too, pretty narrowly in his abrupt dancing way. The room was made cheerful by the fire. It had a hospitable air. The chairs were plentiful and comfortable; there were many pictures; a handsome clock ticked sonorously on the mantelpiece; the carpet was warm and of a gay colour, and there was a large bookcase filled with books.

"This is not a drawing-room, though we use it as such," said Mr. Ravens, who had been watching Mr. Goodlake with a steadfastness quite phenomenal; seeing that when Mr. Goodlake looked at him those steadfast eyes immediately took to exercising their sockets in a most alarming way. "This is an old house, and we are willing, out of affection for the past, to abide by the usages of its earliest tenants, who called this their 'best parlour.'"

The blandest smile, which threw his whiskers quite into the background, and imparted to the nose, as a feature, a prominence it did not usually possess, long as it was, accompanied this remarkable statement. He turned to his wife as seeking corroboration. There might have been a magnetic virtue in his eyes which drew her face that way, for she instantly looked up, said "Yes, it is so," looked down again, and went on with her knitting. Just then the door was opened, and a boy came

into the room. He went straight up to Mrs. Ravens and sat down by her side. She glanced at him quickly.

"Ah!" said Mr. Ravens, extending his hand, and talking to Mr. Goodlake over his shoulder, "This is John—John Mudlow—my wife's offspring by a former marriage: endeared to her by a thousand tender associations—to me, for her sake. John, let me introduce you to Mr. Goodlake."

The boy stared, but did not offer to rise. How much he was his mother's son was to be known by his flax-coloured hair, his freckled face, his light eyes, and a singular absence of all expression. He looked older than the age Mr. Ravens had given him out to be; was short and thickly-built; his head large, his mouth heavy. Lighted up by the smallest ray of intelligence, his face might have been forgiven him as a kind of ugly promise that years would work out a more human result than had been obtained so far; no such ray existing, you watched him as you would an animal.

"Come, John," said Mr. Ravens, in a very creamy and persuasive tone of voice; "shake hands with Mr. Goodlake."

John made no movement. The mother, with a quick glance at her husband, who was looking—if indeed such flitting eyes could be said to *look*—another way, put out her thin hand and touched the boy on the elbow, whispering a word. Mr. Goodlake rose and approached the boy. Mr. Ravens watched him.

"I hope we shall be good friends," he said, laying his hand kindly on the youngster's shoulder. "You must think of me as a playmate who is anxious to do you all the good he can."

Mrs. Ravens stopped knitting to listen.

"I don't want you. I didn't ask you to come. I don't want a playmate. I didn't want him, either," cried the boy, pointing to Mr. Ravens.

"You see how greatly he stands in need of discipline," exclaimed that gentleman, a deep smile fetching his whole face out of his whiskers, as if he very much enjoyed his stepson's allusion.

Mrs. Ravens knitted very quickly.

"You will learn to like me later on," said Mr. Goodlake, feeling very much embarrassed; but he was greatly afraid, as he glanced at the boy's freckled, expressionless face, that the promise he held out would cost more effort to realise than either of them would have patience to exert.

Mr. Goodlake excepted, nobody seemed any the worse for Master Mudlow's reference to his stepfather. Mrs. Ravens bent over her knitting; young Mudlow stared with hard, audacious eyes at Mr. Goodlake; and Mr. Ravens smiled, whilst his eyes travelled over everything and everybody, resting at last upon the clock.

"Ten minutes to five. At five we dine, Mr. Goodlake. Suffer me to conduct you to your bed-room."

In this "best parlour" the flaring fire gave an abundant light; but the hall was nearly dark. Mr. Ravens walked to the head of the kitchen staircase and called for a candle. A young man in a sleeved waistcoat brought him one.

"Thank you, Thomas!" Mr. Ravens said, most blandly. "A useful servant," he observed to Mr. Goodlake, as they went up stairs. "Living at some distance from Aversleigh, we are obliged to keep a man. But Thomas combines many valuable functions; he is at once a gardener, a valet, a footman, and a page. Ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. Goodlake said "Indeed!" But he was thinking more of the stairs they were ascending than Mr. Ravens's explanations. Very curious stairs they were, shaped like a corkscrew; three flights of them, with a landing at each flight protected by a railing. By bending over the railing you could look through the staircase, as through a tube, upon a disk of hall-stones below.

"One should be careful in descending these stairs," said Mr. Goodlake, reaching the first landing and giving the railings a shake.

"Ay," answered Mr. Ravens, giving the railings a shake too; "this protection is very rickety, very old. I have long made up my mind to have these railings strengthened or replaced. Here is a fall that would kill a man."

He peered downwards, holding the candle over his head.

"A perfect well, Sir. Our primitive architects were a deficient race as geniuses."

So saying, he went up the next flight.

There were three doors on the landing they now reached. Mr. Ravens opened the centre door and admitted his companion into a middle-sized bed-room, pretty comfortably furnished, though the paper was rather old and the bed-hangings rather dingy. There was one window, "From which," said Mr. Ravens, putting the candlestick down, "you may obtain in fine weather a distant view of the sea." Then, going to a door which Mr. Goodlake at first thought had belonged to a clock, he said, "This is John's bed-room. Thus you will have him under your eye night and day." It was a small room, and had another door conducting to the landing. There was a pair of muddy boots near the bed and a pair of muddy trousers upon the floor, a thick walking-stick upon the dressing-table, and a pool of water under the wash-stand.

"He is dirty, you see, Sir," said Mr. Ravens, pointing to these illustrations of the young gentleman's habits; "and not only dirty, but neglectful, obstinate, and, I fear, rude—very rude. He must be corrected and punished. I have not the heart to do it. He is his mother's first-born; and I cannot, I will not, I ought not, to inflict pain upon *her* by chastising him. But *you* need not be restrained by any such considerations. On the contrary, I look to you to use the rod as often as you find necessary. Indeed, you will take these instructions as definite."

"I shall hope to manage him without the rod."

"But pray bear this in mind. If his conduct merits flogging you are commissioned to inflict it. There is no sentiment to restrain your hand as there is mine. On the contrary, duty will urge upon you the value and efficacy of Solomon's precept. I need say no more. I hope—nay, I am sure—I have secured the services of a gentleman who will omit no means of making John Mudlow a blessing to his parents."

He said this with a bow, his face well to the front, his smile profound and immense. Mr. Goodlake returned a suitable answer, and they left the room.

They dined in an apartment very similar in every way to what Mr. Ravens called "the best parlour." The man Thomas waited, not in a sleeved waistcoat, but in a jacket, which gave him the appearance of a half-developed waiter, whose coat-tails were to sprout before he could be considered full-blown. There was a rough honesty in this individual's face which Mr. Goodlake found himself from time to time recurring to, extracting from the contrast it offered to the other faces that surrounded him an appreciable sense of relief. Seen in the bright light of the lamp on the table, Mrs. Ravens's countenance was a strange one. Cold, pale, expressionless, it defied Mr. Goodlake to form the smallest idea of the character it masked. Mr. Ravens was very attentive to her; so he was to young Mudlow. But Mr. Goodlake appeared the only one who appreciated his courtesy. The lady received her husband's attentions with faint "Yes's" and "No's," taking what he sent her in a quiet, mechanical way, and eating after the same lifeless fashion. She squeezed out a smile when Mr. Goodlake addressed her, but he could not succeed in drawing her into a conversation, though he tried very hard, his curiosity being much excited by the woman. The boy ate heartily, even ravenously, with gross gestures, which he diversified with loud calls to Thomas to take his plate round for more. He answered Mr. Goodlake very shortly, and seemed afraid of him; for when their eyes met he frequently made a movement in his chair, as though he meant to push himself away. Nor did Mr. Goodlake fail to observe that whenever Mr. Ravens glanced at young Mudlow the boy knitted his brows and dropped his head, peeping at Mr. Goodlake with his eyes askew, and swinging himself half round on his chair. But he was never once taken to task for his behaviour. His mother heeded him so little, heeded the others so little, that she might have been the only occupant of the room. On the other hand, Mr. Ravens was very loquacious. Amongst other matters he informed Mr. Goodlake that he was very fond of speculating upon the hidden properties of things. That in his youth he had been an ardent lover of chemistry; and that if he were to be asked who, in his opinion, was the greatest man that ever lived, he should, without a moment's hesitation, reply, Boyle.

After dinner the tutor endeavoured to make friends with his pupil; but all his efforts were very sullenly, not to say ferociously, resisted by that young gentleman, who disappeared at about seven o'clock and was not again heard of until bedtime. The evening was a very oppressive one to Mr. Goodlake. After chatting volubly for some time, Mr. Ravens took a book, cast himself at full length upon the sofa, and fell asleep. Mrs. Ravens sat hard against the fire (she looked one of those cold, starved persons whom a draught of air would nip and freeze up in no time), mending a pair of her son's socks. On Mr. Ravens falling asleep, Mr. Goodlake addressed himself to her; but as at the dinner-table, so now her replies were nearly all monosyllabic, uttered with a subdued face and quickly, as if she shared her son's fear. She looked round repeatedly at her sleeping husband, and once raised her eyes to Mr. Goodlake with an expression in them that made him incline his head forwards to catch her words. But the very deceptive expression died out instantly, and she fell to her darning again with the air of an automaton wound up to perform certain actions.

So Mr. Goodlake was very glad when bedtime came, for he was not only thoroughly wearied, but somewhat depressed besides, though he tried his utmost to shake this feeling off, as he considered it unfair both to himself and Mr. Ravens; seeing that it was impossible he could make up his mind as to the real character of the family in that first day of his introduction, whilst its possession would not fail to unfit him for the very trying work which Master Mudlow's manners and countenance clearly threatened to impose.

Master Mudlow was asleep when he reached his bed-room; the door that communicated with the two apartments was ajar, and through it he could hear his pupil snoring with a very pure accent. He went to the window, and, pushing the blind aside, looked out; but the night was pitch dark, and nothing was visible but his own face and outline in the black glass. As he was getting into bed his attention was attracted by a noise at the door leading to the landing; and, looking in that direction, he observed a piece of folded paper lying on the carpet. He picked it up, and, drawing to the candle, read the following sentences, scrawled in pencil:—"A mother entreats you to be kind to her boy. It is owing to her that he is rude and wilful. But she dares not, for his sake, interfere. She is ignorant of your character, but she hopes that you will be merciful and gentle in your treatment, that her child may learn to love something. Please destroy this."

A most singular entreaty, which Mr. Goodlake destroyed as he was bidden, but which infinitely puzzled him. Why had she not spoken to him? What fear lay upon her? By whom imposed? By her husband? Surely not. But he was too weary for speculation, and was no sooner in bed than he fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

He was awakened next morning by the strains of a tune which Master Mudlow was very powerfully whistling whilst he dressed. It was a quarter to nine by his watch. He sprang out of bed dismayed by the thought of having overslept himself, and looked in, with a cheerful salute, on Master Mudlow, who, on catching sight of him, ceased his whistling and stared.

"I quite forgot to ask Mr. Ravens what time he breakfasted. I am afraid we are both of us very late this morning."

The boy made no reply.

"What time do you breakfast?"

"At any time," answered the boy, backing against his bed.

"You have no fixed hours, then?" said Mr. Goodlake, hoping to get direct replies by speaking cheerfully.

"No."

"Still, I am sure we are late, and I must make hasty to dress myself. I will leave this door open that I may talk to you."

"You needn't," said the boy. "I don't want to talk."

"Oh! we must talk. How shall we become friends if we don't try to know each other?" Mr. Goodlake asked, preserving his cheerful tone, though there was something in the manner of the boy's responses exceedingly trying to the temper.

"I don't want to talk, I tell you," said the boy.

Mr. Goodlake pretended not to hear.

"How old are you, John?" he inquired.

"Ask mother. She knows."

"By-the-way, I remember; Mr. Ravens told me. You are thirteen."

"What does he know?" the boy burst out. "He's a brute, Ravens is. I'm whistling expressly to annoy him. It wakes him up, and he told me not to do it. And so I do it."

"That is wrong. You must learn to be obliging, or you will never get anybody to like you."

"I don't want anybody to like me. Not him, at all events," said the boy.

"What makes you dislike him?"

"It isn't dislike—it's hate!" cried the boy, stamping his foot. "He beats mother. He clenches his fist"—coming to the door and attitudinising ungovernably—"and hits her here;" and he struck his under jaw. "But it serves her right!" he exclaimed, retreating into his room; "what did she want to marry him for?"

"Come, come!" said Mr. Goodlake, with a desperate hunt after the cheerfulness that had quite forsaken him. "Some of these days I shall hope to show you that all these angry thoughts are very foolish and wicked."

"Wicked!" cried the boy, from his room. "I'm not wicked. It's Mr. Ravens that's wicked. He's got no business here. This is mother's and my house and money, and mine chiefly. He's a pauper, Mr. Ravens is; and I hate him, I do!"

Saying which he left his room; and Mr. Goodlake heard him stamping and whistling along the passage and all the way down stairs.

It was true enough that there was no fixed time for breakfast. Thomas informed Mr. Goodlake that Mr. Ravens was sometimes up at six, and sometimes up at eleven, and sometimes lay abed until three, and sometimes didn't go to bed at all. "He's a rather curious person," said Thomas. Mrs. Ravens was more methodical. She was generally out of bed by ten. "You see, Sir," said Thomas, "they occupies different rooms, as makes 'em independent, like." Another man in Mr. Goodlake's position might have been tempted to ask Thomas some questions about his master, but this Mr. Goodlake's sense of honour would not permit him to do. Nevertheless, Master Mudlow's revelations had made his curiosity very active; though, after some reflection, in which he recalled Mr. Ravens's politeness and general behaviour, he came to the conclusion that the boy's stories were vicious exaggerations due to his undissembled hatred of his stepfather. The young gentleman refusing to breakfast with him, Mr. Goodlake breakfasted alone. His mind was in anything but a comfortable state, as you may believe. He would be of no use in that house if Master Mudlow refused to make any concessions; nor could he possibly relish the prospect that lay before him, even if Master Mudlow *did* make any concessions. However, he comforted himself with the reflection that these were early times, and that, though the situation was beset with numerous drawbacks, it offered him a subsistence and the leisure to inquire after a more suitable position.

He was half-way through his breakfast when Mr. Ravens joined him. The gentleman's whiskers were well in the background as he proffered a cordial greeting and a hard grasp of the hand. Many inquiries he made as to the kind of night Mr. Goodlake had passed, the comfort of his bed, the convenience of the furniture. He blandly apologised for his own unpunctuality, saying that he had long ceased to enjoy good nights, and had to profit from what sleep he could snatch, without reference to time. The talk crept round by degrees to Master Mudlow.

"Ha! so you had a conversation with him, Mr. Goodlake?"

"Yes; a short conversation."

"You found him very stubborn, and—shall I suggest?—somewhat disposed to speak ill of me. That is, presuming my name was mentioned." He withdrew behind his whiskers.

Mr. Goodlake answered, ingenuously, that Mr. Ravens's name *had* been mentioned, and that Master Mudlow *had* shown a disposition to treat it with some degree of contempt.

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Ravens, quickly.

"Oh! the lad was fretful. The talk of a youth of that age should not trouble us."

"Mr. Goodlake, you will particularly oblige me by telling me what he said," observed Mr. Ravens, laying his square hand on the other's arm.

Mr. Goodlake blushed. He *could* not tell. The other was silent for some moments, preserving his earnest face and leaving his hand on the tutor's arm. Then his smile came forth and he learned back in his chair.

"Though I have no feeling but that of kindness for John," he said, very creamily, "yet I do not, I cannot, expect that he should reciprocate my friendly emotions. Sir, I married his mother. I was tenderly attached to her; and still, Mr. Goodlake—still, Sir," laying his hand upon his heart, "does the lover triumph over the man, and renew in the husband the sentimental weaknesses of the wooer. I require no man to tell me of my weakness; but if I exult in it you will pardon me—you will understand me. Charlotte knows . . . but I was speaking of her boy. He resents his mother's marriage. I cannot but respect his prejudice. I had a father once; I hope—nay, I know—I honoured him. Had my mother married a second time my heart tells me that I should have adhered to the image of my own valued parent, to the prejudice of my stepfather. But John's passions are tumultuous. He expresses himself fiercely. Nay," sinking his voice into an oozy articulation, "he does not stop at propagating falsehoods—of me. But (waving his hand) I repose with the deepest feeling of security in your good sense. You will discriminate between my character and the injurious statements he from time to

time will make concerning me. Whatever he says you will refer to the only reasonable motive; and I shall count upon your energy and judgment so to govern him as to render him a blessing to his mother, and, for her sake, a blessing to me."

Saying which he grasped Mr. Goodlake's hand. "I perfectly understand you," said Mr. Goodlake, overwhelmed by these unsolicited confidences.

"But do not spare him. Use the rod. Let no tenderness interfere between you and the sole end by which we may depend upon his regeneration," exclaimed Mr. Ravens, developing a smile like a fissure, and projecting himself a considerable distance beyond his whiskers in the impulse of the moment. He then ate his breakfast, examining a bad egg that had been sent up from the kitchen with close attention, and discoursing of the hidden properties of matter with reference to decay.

There was no doubt that Mrs. Ravens had written the note which Mr. Goodlake had found on the carpet in his bed-room; but she never referred to it; nor, indeed, by word, or look, or sign of any kind intimated that she took the least interest in her son. She was quite unintelligible to Mr. Goodlake. She was polite enough to him in a dreary, spiritless way; but throughout the period of his residence in that house they had so little to say to each other that he could never afterwards recall her but as a bleak negation—a frigid abstraction figured by a name; a thing whose corporeal being had had all its substance rooted out of it by some process not intelligible to human minds.

But his business lay with Master Mudlow. At first starting he hardly knew how to go to work at all. The boy refused to speak to him—to come to him—to look at him. He put this down to shyness, and to the great neglect the boy had suffered; illustrated by his language, which wanted grammar; by his coarse manners; and by an unparalleled aspect of wildness, uncombed hairiness, and muddiness. All this, Mrs. Ravens had herself written, was *her* fault; but she dared not interfere. What could be more extraordinary? Of whom was she afraid? Here was a well-to-do family, with plenty of means to send the boy to a good school. Why was not this done? A tutor could be of little use, especially such a tutor as Mr. Goodlake. A boatswain with a rope's-end was the kind of tutor young Mudlow wanted.

However, on the third after Mr. Goodlake's arrival, he succeeded in getting the boy to speak to him, and even to become his companion. He saw him with some fishing-tackle in his hand, and, asking him where he was going, was answered, "To the bay, for dabs." Mr. Goodlake asked permission to join him. The young gentleman ran his eyes over the tutor's figure, and, after deliberating, replied that he might come if he liked. He didn't care who watched him fish, he didn't. So they left the house and went down to the bay. The water was high, though the scene was scarcely the more cheerful for that. The day was cold, the east wind biting; but Mr. Goodlake determined to lose no opportunity to improve his acquaintance with the boy, and, feigning deep interest, asked all manner of questions about the fish that were to be caught in the bay, while Master Mudlow bobbed with his line. The sport was not very exciting. A couple of flounders were hooked in the first twenty minutes, of which the effect was somewhat beneficial, since it caused Master Mudlow to whistle, and otherwise exhibit his satisfaction. Mr. Goodlake was half frozen by the time they regained the house; but the boy had endured his society for nearly two hours without any particular manifestation of temper, and this the tutor considered a great gain.

Gradually, after this, they got to know each other better; but the more Mr. Goodlake saw of the boy the more persuaded he was that he could do him no substantial service. "Well, how do you and John get on?" Mr. Ravens would ask him. "Very badly" would be the answer. "He refuses to apply himself. His disposition is thoroughly obstinate."

"Ah! Sir, I have told you," Mr. Ravens would then remark, "that there is only one remedy for boys of John's sort. You must use the cane."

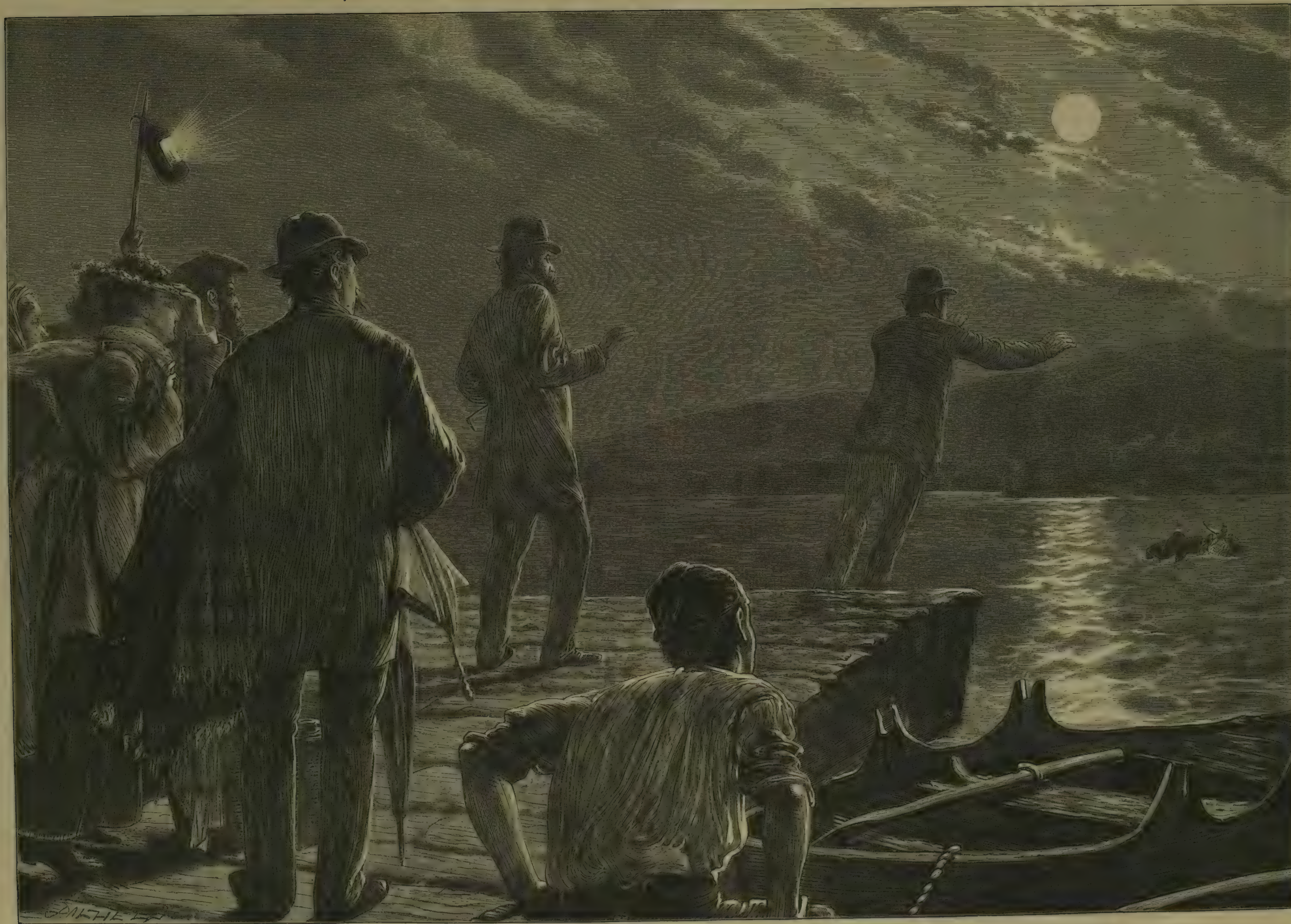
But Mr. Goodlake had made up his mind not to use the cane. "It would only make him more dogged, Mr. Ravens."

"No, Sir. It would make him fear you; and until you inspire fear you will get no obedience from him."

It was plain that Mr. Ravens had a particular reason for wishing Mr. Goodlake to flog John. Of course he wanted the boy to be taught manners—what else? He was too humane to use the cane himself, and so he hired a gentleman at the rate of a hundred a year to use it for him. All very reasonable. The same motive makes papas send their sons to school. Only, unfortunately for Mr. Ravens, the gentleman he had hired would not flog. Still he seemed perfectly satisfied with Mr. Goodlake; praised him constantly, grew more and more urbane, and never wearied of hoping that he was perfectly comfortable.

There was one feature in Master Mudlow's character which the more Mr. Goodlake tried to soften and subdue it the more fixed and ferocious it became: that was his hate of his stepfather. Language cannot express the bitter passion that seized him when Mr. Ravens's name was mentioned by Mr. Goodlake. The only tangible charge that he appeared capable of bringing against his mother's husband was that he beat his wife. This charge he reiterated again and again, furiously insisting on it and recurring to it, though it was impossible to suppose that his hate was due to that and nothing else; for as often as he brought the charge he practically excused it by declaring that his mother deserved to be beaten; for why did she marry him? This charge was the only defined form his hate was capable of taking; the moment he abandoned it he fell into wild and inconsistent abuse—boyish non-sequiturs rendered very ugly by matured passion. But, mixed up with his hate was fear of an intense kind. He appeared as one who has suffered a terrible injury; who recoils from the enemy whose power he dreads, and who in recoiling is frenzied with ineffectual abhorrence. No milder language can convey what this boy suggested, and yet never once could Mr. Goodlake remark in Mr. Ravens's behaviour to the lad the smallest justification for this rage and fear. He always addressed him





"Do the wild Kerry mountains still echo the cry of anguish with which I burst from Harry's side and flung myself into the lake?"
A STRANGE WARNING.—DRAWN BY F. A. FRASER.

blantly and unctuously; helped him prodigally at table; spoke of him in affectionate terms behind his back. Nor was his treatment of Mrs. Ravens less considerate. Mr. Goodlake thought him a very kind husband. One motive, then, of the boy's hate was as Mr. Ravens had explained—he regarded his stepfather as an intruder. This being so, he would not scruple to tell falsehoods of him. Moreover, he would influence his mother, and so cause her, between her wifely instincts on the one hand and her maternal instincts on the other, to be engaged in a perpetual inner struggle fully sufficient to account for her assumption of that despondent, melancholy air which had caused Mr. Goodlake to regard her as a crushed woman.

Everything, then, was plain; and all conclusions pointed to Mr. Ravens as a decidedly ill-used man.

February came. In a fortnight's time Mr. Goodlake would have been three months at Tuftnell Hall, and he had informed Mr. Ravens that he should leave him at the end of the quarter. He was sorry. He was greatly obliged to Mr. Ravens for his uniform kindness. But he could do nothing with Master Mudlow. Only the day before the boy had called him an insulting name. Only a week before he had thrown a stone at him with great violence. He flatly refused to do his lessons. His language at times was shockingly coarse. He was not to be controlled by kindness, and Mr. Goodlake declared that he was physically incapable of controlling him by fear. Under these circumstances he had no alternative but to resign his post. He could not consistently receive money for services he was unable to perform. Moreover the strain upon his health was too great. His temper was going. He could never address the boy without irritability; and, indeed, he found Master Mudlow's nature so corrupt and vicious that, with the best intentions in the world, he could not take the interest in him it was imperative he should feel if the boy was to profit from his companionship.

Mr. Ravens opened the door and called to his wife, who came to him at once.

"Charlotte, Mr. Goodlake means to leave us. He tells me that John nearly killed him with a stone last week, and that he grossly insulted him yesterday. He assures me that the trials his temper has to endure sometimes put it out of reach of his control. I am afraid, Charlotte, that your son is incorrigible. I am much grieved. Much grieved."

He turned his head aside to conceal his emotion. Mrs. Ravens did not answer a word.

This was all that was said upon the subject. Meanwhile Mr. Goodlake prepared an advertisement for the papers.

On this tenth day of February two workmen had come in from Aversleigh to see to the railings on the second landing—that where Mr. Goodlake's bed-room was. It was about time that these railings were looked to. They gave to the hand like sticks stuck in mould.

Mr. Goodlake was in his room when the carpenters were at work, and on coming out saw that they were taking the railings away.

"Beg pardon, Sir," said one of the men; "we mean to tie a rope across here for to-night, as we can't get the new railings afore to-morrow. You'll please keep away from the edge, as the rope might give."

"Certainly. It will be safe with a rope for one night; but you had better caution the servants."

Whilst the men were pointing out the rottenness of the old railings, up came young Mudlow, whistling, fresh from the bay—his playground; his boots and trousers plastered with mud. No rope was yet affixed; but this did not prevent the boy from going to the edge of the landing and looking down.

"Keep back!" cried one of the men. The boy took no heed.

"Come away!" exclaimed Mr. Goodlake, warmly; for such foolhardiness was exasperating. The boy said "Pish!" and held his ground. On which Mr. Goodlake sprang forward, seized him by the collar, and dragged him backwards. But no sooner did he let go than the boy, pale with passion, clenched his fist, struck Mr. Goodlake with all his strength upon the face, and ran down stairs. So sudden and strong was the blow that Mr. Goodlake reeled against the wall, and blood gushed from his nose.

"There's a young devil for you!" exclaimed one of the workmen. "He wants hanging, the vicious brat!"

"What is the matter?" inquired Mr. Ravens, coming out of his bed-room on the first landing and looking up. The workmen told him, Mr. Goodlake having withdrawn to his room. Mr. Ravens ran up stairs quickly.

"Did you say Master Mudlow struck Mr. Goodlake?"

"Yes, Sir; werry savagely. I never seed sich a blow for so young a lad."

"Nor sich a temper," said the other workman.

Mr. Ravens entered Mr. Goodlake's room, and found him washing his face, the water crimson.

"Mr. Goodlake, I deeply regret this outrage. Great Heaven! what a fiendish disposition for a boy to possess! I hope you are not seriously hurt?"

"I am hurt, but not seriously. He is a bad boy, Mr. Ravens." He said this with great emphasis. He felt the outrage acutely, because of the two witnesses.

"A poor return—a poor return for all my kindness!" exclaimed Mr. Ravens, glancing at the workmen, who lingered near the door of the bed-room. "Had he been my own child, I could not have lavished more affection upon him. My heart has never permitted me to raise my hand to him—scarcely, indeed, to reprove him; and this is what my ill-judged tenderness results in."

Mr. Goodlake made no answer. He was very pale; deeply pained and mortified.

"He deserves more than a beating," said one of the workmen. "If he was my son I'd flay him afore he should show such a temper twice."

"Life isn't safe with such people," observed the other.

"It is well that he ran away," said Mr. Goodlake, in a suppressed voice. "He has tempted me before now. There is a point where patience ends."

"He has tempted you before now, and, as you say, there is

a point where patience ends," echoed Mr. Ravens, in a loud, emphatic voice, with a glance at the workmen, who nodded, cordially concurring.

Mr. Goodlake went down stairs and left Mr. Ravens talking to the men about the railings.

At the dinner-table that afternoon, Mrs. Ravens being present, her husband spoke of her son's temper and the blow he had given Mr. Goodlake. He ordered young Mudlow, in language which an attentive listener might have thought little calculated to produce the desired effect, to apologise; but the boy scowled, swung his legs, turned his shoulder upon the company, and refused to speak.

"Will you not say you are sorry, John?" said Mrs. Ravens.

"I ain't sorry."

She did not speak again, and Mr. Ravens changed the subject. Perhaps it was to let Mr. Goodlake know that he had one sympathiser in that house that Mr. Ravens exerted all the cheerfulness he had at his command. Never was his smile deeper, his whiskers more retiring, his talk more incessant, his eyes more volatile. His behaviour strongly marked the contrast of Mr. Goodlake's. The tutor, chafing internally over the insult, was cold and pale and silent. He was secretly determining to leave the house that week, his distaste for his position having now culminated in deep disgust. Moreover, he was determined not to open his lips again to young Mudlow nor take the least notice of him; such reprisal being the only one that lay in his power, and serviceable as a help to the one issue he coveted—his departure.

Shortly after Mrs. Ravens had left the table with her son Mr. Ravens turned to Thomas, who was busy at the sideboard, and exclaimed, "Thomas, Master Mudlow has been guilty of a very wicked deed to-day. He struck Mr. Goodlake furiously on the face."

"I have heard of it, Sir," answered Thomas, looking at Mr. Goodlake.

"I think you rig boats for him sometimes, Thomas, and lend him your tools?"

"Sometimes, Sir."

"Pray, Thomas, do not oblige him again in any way until he has begged Mr. Goodlake's pardon. He must be punished. Has this matter been discussed in the kitchen? I hope not."

"Well, Sir, cook was talking of it with the two workmen."

"It cannot be helped," said Mr. Ravens, turning with an apologetic smile to Mr. Goodlake; "servants will talk. However, you may rest assured that he has none of their sympathy."

Mr. Goodlake, anxious to cut short the subject, of which he thought the discussion before Thomas in vile taste, made a movement as if to leave the table. Mr. Ravens took the hint, and they repaired to the "best parlour." There sat Mrs. Ravens immovably before the fire, knitting like a machine. Master Mudlow was not in the room. Mr. Ravens exhibited unimpaired cheerfulness; treated Mr. Goodlake to a long discourse on the hidden properties of things, especially mutton, that dish having formed the dinner; and, after boring his listener for an hour, quitted the room.

Then Mrs. Ravens let fall her knitting, and, lifting her strange face, said, "What made John strike you?"

Mr. Goodlake explained.

"God help him!" she muttered, covering her face with her thin hands. "He's a bitterly-wronged boy. Oh! Sir, you have entered a most miserable family. I am a wretched woman—the most wretched woman in the world." She began to sob.

Mr. Goodlake hardly knew what to say or what to think. This was the first time she had favoured him with such an outbreak, and it took him by surprise.

"How is your son bitterly wronged?" he asked.

She uncovered her face and answered, "You are my husband's friend. Were I to tell you the truth, you wouldn't believe me. One plausible word would make you think me a liar. Would you not think me mad if I told you that my husband is seeking—seeking—every day—to kill my boy?—to murder him? Oh, God! . . . No, no! I have nothing to say. I will speak no ill of him. When are you going?"

"This week; on Thursday."

She appeared about to speak. A strong eager expression flashed in her eyes. Then her resolution went out of her like a flash, and she hid her face, with one deep sob. What she had to say she could not have spoken, for her husband came in quickly; whereupon she fell to her knitting again. Beyond a doubt, Mr. Ravens had just caught her with her hands to her face; but as he advanced he looked everywhere but at her, and, on nearing Mr. Goodlake, began a conversation, quite gaily.

At what hour Master Mudlow had betaken himself to his bed, Mr. Goodlake did not know: he was snoring loudly in his room when the tutor went up stairs. The rope was stretched across the landing; Mr. Goodlake edged well against the wall on passing it. Once in his bed-room, he closed the door and went to the window, grateful for the silence that enabled him to think. There was a moon in the sky, which drove a cone of silver into the bay, but buried all around in gloom. Clouds came out of this gloom, turned white, and vanished. The grounds beneath the house were laced with the shadows of trees; the trees themselves stood like visions.

Many thoughts troubled him. He recurred to Mrs. Ravens's outbreak; and dark fancies shaped themselves in his mind, feeding imagination which the weird scene before him gave power to, but bringing no relief as solutions. He was a student of books, quite ignorant of life, possessing a mind upon which subtle illustrations of human character would be wasted, though it was keen to enjoy the extremest delicacies of poetry and art. Hence he knew no more of Mr. Ravens than what Mr. Ravens had chosen to exhibit; and, knowing him only as a courteous, attentive host, nothing came of his speculations in that direction to make Mrs. Ravens's terrible charge intelligible. But why trouble himself? Why fret over Master Mudlow's outrage? In a week all these experiences would be but as a dream. His own future offered him perplexities enough; let him possess his judgment untroubled by interests of no moment to him, that he might deal with life as became a man who had his fortune to make.

He extinguished the light and got into bed. Sleep fell upon him soon, and he had a dream. He dreamt that he was standing on the edge of the landing, looking down into the black gulf, and wondering at his own temerity. The rope was severed; how or by whom he knew not. A noise caused him to turn, and he beheld two figures grappling. No sound escaped their lips; and the movement of their feet was scarcely audible. The taller figure sought to drag the shorter figure to the edge of the landing; but this was resisted. The horror of nightmare was upon the dreamer, and he was powerless to move or cry. The taller figure was Mr. Ravens; the shorter figure was John Mudlow. This singular struggle lasted for a long while; but every moment, inch by inch, the two figures neared the edge, the shorter figure always in front. The dreamer's

agony was intense. Though speechless and spell-bound, there was in him the maddest desire to rescue John Mudlow from his certain doom. And now the edge was gained, and now one foot of the boy overhung the landing; when, bursting his bonds, the dreamer rushed forwards, and—awoke, trembling, with a great sweat upon his face.

Hark!

He strained his ear. What was it? A stifled gasp, a brief and strangled sob, having no human note in it.

The room was pitch dark. He sat up in his bed, perhaps not yet broad awake—still oppressed with the recent horror of the nightmare. There was a dead silence, lasting some twenty seconds—a long, an eternal interval, it seemed to him who sought to pierce the darkness with his eyes and to gather interpretation of the strange sound that had awakened him out of the ringing stillness. Then the handle of a door was turned, a dim light, as of a screened candle, shone upon the darkness, and a figure came out of Master Mudlow's room into that of Mr. Goodlake, slowly, dragging something with him—that something a human body! [See Illustration.]

Mr. Goodlake, persuaded that he still dreamt, gazed, sitting upright in his bed, quite motionless.

The figure continued to drag its burden into the room, almost inaudibly, when, catching sight of Mr. Goodlake's erect form, it suddenly halted, let fall the arm of the body, and with amazing quickness vanished. A door was banged, the light went out; but even as Mr. Goodlake felt the overpowering weight of darkness rush upon and close around him again, a shrill cry sounded outside, one clear, keen note of agony. After this a breathless silence.

Mr. Goodlake leapt out of bed. His nerves had completely given way; he was, indeed, so faint and sick and dizzy he could hardly stand, but mechanically groped for a candle and struck a light.

Then was revealed a sight.

On his back in the centre of the room, one arm stiffly raised, his legs bent under him, was John Mudlow—dead. So unexpected was the spectacle that Mr. Goodlake struck his forehead, not doubting that he still dreamt; fled to the door, and shouted long and loudly. Again and again he raised his voice, hurriedly clothing himself in the intervals of his outcries; and then footsteps sounded, and Thomas came running down stairs.

"What is it, Sir? What is it?"

"Look!" Mr. Goodlake pointed to the body. The man shrieked and reeled; but, recovering himself, went to the body and knelt beside it.

"He has been strangled!" he cried.

Now came the other servants. No language can describe the confusion. They raised screams of "Murder!" and ran distracted. Presently appeared Mrs. Ravens. She stood in the doorway for several moments, uttering no sound; then, with a great cry, ran forwards and took the body of her son in her arms. Some words she gasped out, but they were unintelligible. In a minute she was as still as the corpse.

The man-servant was the only one who preserved his senses. He lifted Mrs. Ravens from the ground and laid her upon the bed, and, bidding Mr. Goodlake summon Mr. Ravens, whilst he sought assistance, hurried off. But scarcely had he been gone a minute when his voice was heard crying down stairs. Glad of an excuse to leave the murdered body, Mr. Goodlake seized a candle and hurried below.

Thomas was in the hall, bending over the form of Mr. Ravens.

"He has fallen over the landing," said the man. "Slipped, perhaps, as he ran to see what you were calling for. Watch him, Sir."

So saying, he swung open the hall door and disappeared.

For three quarters of an hour Mr. Goodlake remained as in a dream. He cast himself upon a chair in the hall, with his eyes fixed on the body; while the women stood shuddering and whispering together in a group on the staircase. He was too stupefied to reason. John Mudlow was murdered; and there lay Mr. Ravens, dead. Beyond these two facts his amazed and stricken mind could not travel.

The interval seemed eternal; but it was ended at last by the breathless arrival of Thomas with the doctor from Aversleigh and a constable encountered on the road. The doctor went to Ravens at once, and in a very few moments pronounced him dead.

"What is this?" he asked, raising the dead man's arm. The fingers of the stiff hand grasped a piece of torn linen. The constable removed it with some trouble and examined it.

"It seems a part of the neckband of a nightshirt," said the doctor. "There is the buttonhole, torn open."

"Where's the other body?" demanded the constable, putting the piece of torn linen in his pocket.

They ascended the stairs. The room was deserted, the women having fled from it on Mr. Goodlake's departure. Mrs. Ravens lay on the bed gesticulating furiously, babbling in wild delirium.

"My turn—my turn next!" she was shrieking. "My boy first—my turn next! Take our money, you wicked man! Spare us! spare us! Oh! husband, he never wronged you! Do not kill him!"

And these words she repeated again and again, beating the air with her arms, and staring about her with mad eyes.

The constable approached the body of the boy, drew the piece of torn linen from his pocket, and pointed to the neck of the nightgown upon the boy.

"Half the collar is torn off," said he.

"A clear case," answered the doctor. "The lad has been strangled; and the man who did it lies in the hall."

"Sir (said my companion, halting opposite our hotel, for we had regained Aversleigh by this time), I should show myself very ungrateful for the kind attention you have honoured me with, if, the chief part of my story being told, I did not bring it to an end in a few words.

"The motive and meaning of this tragedy lie in a nutshell.

"Mr. Ravens had married Mrs. Mudlow for her money; a large portion of which was settled on her son, John. This portion, supposing she survived him, reverted to her on her son's death. Now it was absolutely necessary, from Mr. Ravens's standpoint, that Master Mudlow should die before his mother, he very well knowing how entirely he had that wretched woman in his power, and how completely her money would be his to use as it pleased him. There were many ways of killing Master Mudlow off; but unfortunately discovery threatened the whole of them. Mr. Ravens therefore hit upon the scheme of hiring a tutor for the boy; a man without friends or family; an unsuspicious, quiet, and altogether 'likely' man, who would serve him to charge with the murder on its accomplishment, and with whose hanged body the law would be satisfied, and the secret buried. Mr. Goodlake struck him as the very man to serve his purpose, and so he was engaged. You no doubt remarked his anxiety that the tutor should flog Master Mudlow? This anxiety is at once intelligible when we consider that it must have been his wish to anger the boy against his tutor, and so supply a theory of revenge in support of the charge of murder, one day to be preferred. So deep-laid was the plot, so ingenious the evidential resources contrived, it

is as certain as anything in this life can be that but for the removal of the railings from the landing on the day of the murder, Mr. Goodlake would have been convicted of the death of young Mudlow. The whole 'business' of the murder is easily understood. Mr. Ravens had strangled the boy in his sleep—that was proved; and his object in dragging the body into Mr. Goodlake's room was, beyond doubt, to show that nobody but Mr. Goodlake had killed the lad. Observe the frightful testimony of motive that could have been advanced. Servants were at hand to prove that the boy had sometimes grossly insulted his tutor, flung stones at him, provoked him by the grossest displays of temper. Many witnesses there were to show that on the day of the murder the boy had struck Mr. Goodlake in the face, and that Mr. Goodlake had expressed his resentment in language which would indisputably explain the motive of the crime.

"So you see, Sir, that Mr. Goodlake's life was saved by Mr. Ravens falling over the landing in the sudden haste with which he had sped away from the chamber of death on discovering that Mr. Goodlake was awake and was watching him. You can hardly be surprised, after such an incident in its domestic annals, that Tuftnell Hall should remain untenanted. And now, having finished my story, this must explain how it happens that I should be so intimately acquainted with the details of it."

[He handed me his card. I looked at it, and read, "Mr. Matthew Goodlake."]

SYDNEY MOSYIN.

THE SEA-KING'S CASTLE.

The islands of Britain
And Erin the verdant
Lay fair on the main,
When here came the Saxon,
And there the fierce Viking
A booty to gain.

He built on the summit
Of cliffs that appal us
With measureless steep,
His Castle whose ruins
Yet cling to their crag-roots,
And scowl o'er the deep!

I hear, in the tumult
Of winds and of waters
That struggle and rave,
The Voice of the Viking,
Whose storm-loving spectre
Stalks over the wave!

I see, mid the tempest,
Yon ship that is reeling
From many a shock:
The Hand of the Viking
Now clutches that vessel—
She's hurl'd on the rock!

The crash of her timbers,
The shrieks of the drowning,
Are sweet to his ear!
Each seaman remembers
The Name of the Viking
With hatred and fear!—C. B.

REST AND BE THANKFUL.

'Tis good to go to church, for Man's a sinner;
'Tis also good to eat a Christmas dinner;
But if the dinner was a bit too good,
The sermon is not rightly understood.
And so it happened, in the afternoon,
Dame Margery fell dozing, very soon,
Till spectacles and Bible, from her lap,
Fell down and woke her neighbours with a
clap;
While both her grandchildren lolled fast asleep,
And still the Vicar's voice its steady drone did
keep.

CHRISTMAS ON THE "WAVE."

The custom of decorating all sorts of craft at Christmas-time is very common on "London river," as the Thames is usually designated by sailors. The masthead and the bowsprit are often ornamented with a bunch of holly and mistletoe as large as a rook's-nest. Some of the steamers that have no bowsprit may be seen with an upright sprig of holly at the bows. While seen at a distance, the bunch on the masthead frequently looks not unlike a broom. Were a broom really hoisted, however, it would mean something very different, this being the nautical sign that a vessel is for sale.

Our Illustration, drawn by Mr. H. R. Robertson, represents a seaman engaged in the Christmas decoration of the "Wave," a small cutter of eight or ten tons. Though most of the pleasure yachts are laid up during the winter, there is always a certain proportion of the smaller yachts employed in pursuit of wild fowl, and occasionally in fishing with the trawl net. From the middle of December to the end of February is about the best time for shooting on our coasts, varying, of course, in different seasons. When the weather is severe the mouth of the Thames abounds with bream, pike, mallards, teal, widgeon, and other fowl. For this sport a small yacht is best, with a light enough draught of water to get up the creeks, and flat enough to sit on the mud. The most successful method is to take the yacht's dingy into as sheltered a creek as possible, and to lay up, waiting for the "lights" that pass over at daybreak and twilight.

On Christmas Day, however, these coasting-yachts are generally left in charge of one hand; not unfrequently it is "the boy" whose fate it is to keep a solitary watch while his more fortunate mates are enjoying themselves in their respective homes.

GOING HOME TO DINNER.

A SKETCH ON THE SOUTH COAST.

"All in the Downs the fleet lay moored"—
Those "Downs" had water deep,
Where, sheltered by the Goodwin Sands,
The ships at anchor keep.

But other "Downs" the Sussex coast
Lifts high above its strand;
The swelling hills of moulded chalk
Which fence our happy land.

White gleams their wall of lofty cliffs
Above the azure sea;
The summit rolls a green expanse,
Ten miles of pasture-lee.

I see a building pitched below,
Not large, but trim and neat,
With flagstaff, and with mounted gun—
The sailor watchman's seat!

He watches here to stop the rogues
Who rob our gracious Queen,
When goods, that never paid her dues,
They smuggle here unseen.

This able seaman went to sea,
Though now he serves ashore;
Sailed in our squadrons, here and there,
For twenty years and more.

'Twas he shut up the Russian fleets,
That dared not quit their ports;
'Twas he who thrashed John Chinaman,
And banded the Peiho forts.

He conveyed all our redcoats o'er
The Euxine, strange and dark,
To strike at strong Sebastopol
A blow that left its mark.

He harried many a pirate's den
On isles of ocean far;
On Africa's coast the slaver felt
The fist of this Jack Tar.

But now he guards our island realm
From tricks of smuggling knaves,
While still, with other crews afloat,
Britannia rules the waves.

He paced these cliffs at dinner-time,
Then saw his ladsy come
To tell him Mother's spread the board
And sent for Father home.

Go, honest fellow, eat thy meal
With wife and children free;
May all our ships be fully manned
With sailors like to thee!—T.

PICTURES, ENGRAVINGS, and
OEOGRAPHY, beautifully framed, and one
Guinea each. The trade and exporters supplied.—GEO. REES, 41, 42, 43, Russell street,
Covent-garden; and 115, Strand, W.C.

VISITING-CARDS at H. RODRIGUES.
A Card-plate elegantly engraved and 100 superduper Cards, printed for 4s. 6d. Book-plates designed and engraved in modern and mediæval styles, at Rodrigues', 42, Piccadilly, W.

PORTRAIT ALBUMS, at RODRIGUES.
The new make, with Patent Leather Guards, Four Portraits on a Page, interleaved for Vignettes and Cabinet Portraits, from 10s. 6d. to £5. Presentation and Regimental Albums.—42, Piccadilly.

BALL PROGRAMMES at RODRIGUES.
Ball Programmes of novel and beautiful designs, arranged, printed, and stamped in the latest fashion. Bills of Fare, Guest-Cards, and Invitations in great variety.—42, Piccadilly, London.

MACMICHAEL'S NOVELTIES IN RAISED
or RUSTIC MONOGRAMS and Ladies' Christian Names. Five quires thick. Note and 100 Envelopes stamped in four rich colours, with any Christian name or Monogram of two, or three letters, 5s. Specimens free.—Macmichael, Stationer to the Queen, 207, King's-road, S.W.; and 42, South Audley-street, W.

ELEMENTARY GEOLOGICAL
COLLECTIONS at 2s. 6d., 2s. 10d., to 10s. 6d. each, and every requisite to assist those commencing the study of this interesting branch of Science, a knowledge of which affords so much pleasure to the traveller in all parts of the world.
JAMES TENNANT, Geo.ologist, 149, Strand, London, W.C.

MAGIC-LANTERN SLIDES (On the Use
of Chromo-Printed Pictures for). By S. T. P. Containing full and clear instructions for the cheap and easy production of slides equal in beauty of design and brilliancy of colour to any hand-printed ones. Post-free, 7d. A new sheet of 12 pictures just published. List of Slides free.
London: J. BARNARD and SONS, 539, Oxford street.

MAGIC LANTERNS, Slides, Dissolving
View Apparatus, Slides for Hire. Time Light Entertainment provided. Opera and Field Glasses. Model Engines, Microscopes, Telluric scopes, and Scientific Novelties. Price Lists free.—J. and W. E. ARCHBUTT, Bridge-street, Westminster (facing Parliament House).—N.B. During the holidays the prices greatly reduced.

J. W. BENSON,
WATCH and CLOCK MAKER
TO THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY,
and by
SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.

CHRISTENING PRESENTS.

A large and varied assortment of Articles has been specially manufactured and selected from the Art-Ateliers of the Continent for the present season, comprising Gold and Silver Watches, Marble and Gilt Clocks, Silver and Electro-plated in the most recent fashions, and Artistic Gold Jewellery.

25 Old Bond street, and 91, Westbourne grove,
City Show-Rooms and Manufactory, 28 and 30, Ludgate hill.

JOHN BENNETT'S WATCHES,

BENNETT'S GOLD PRESENTATION WATCHES.

BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES.

BENNETT'S SILVER WATCHES, WITH KEYLESS ACTION.

BENNETT'S GOLD KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETERS.

BENNETT'S SILVER HALF-CHRONOMETERS.

BENNETT'S HALF-CHRONOMETERS are complete sets for variations of temperature, adjusted in positions, and need no key.

BENNETT'S ENGLISH HALL-CLOCKS, CHIMING THE QUARTERS.

BENNETT'S HIGHLY-GILT DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS.

BENNETT'S MARBLE LINING-ROOM CLOCKS.

BENNETT'S 18-CARAT HALL-MARKED CHAINS AND CHOCOLATE.

JOHN BENNETT'S CLOCKS AND WATCH MANUFACTORY.

65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, LONDON.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Every Night at Eight.

MONDAYS,

WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, Three and Eight.

THE WORLD FAMED

MOORE and

BURGESS

MINSTRELS.

FOR MANY YEARS PAST ACKNOWLEDGED
by the Public and the whole of the leading Journals of Great Britain as

THE ONE GREAT AND ONLY LEGITIMATE MINSTREL
COMPANY OF THE WORLD,
Standing proudly pre-eminent over all imitators, and numbering
in its ranks

FORTY-FIVE PERFORMERS
of known eminence, and, using the
MOST ACCOMPLISHED CONCERT AND THE FINEST BODY
OF INSTRUMENTALISTS
ever brought together in a similar organisation.

Every gentleman engaged in Messrs Moore and Burgess's orchestra have been members of the Philharmonic Society and of the Royal Italian Opera Orchestra, all of whom have been retained at very heavy salaries in order to maintain the high standard of musical excellence for which this company has ever been famed.

ALL THE SONGS, BALLADS, GLEES, FAIRY-SONGS,
CHORUSES
contained in Messrs Moore and Burgess's vast repertoire have been written and composed by the
MOST EMINENT AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS OF
ENGLAND,
and can only be heard at the St. James's Hall.

The Public reeling in the various cities and towns of the United Kingdom who have not already attended one of the Entertainments given by the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS at the St. James's Hall are respectfully reminded that it would be manifestly wrong to confound or compare it with any of those submitted to them by any of the numerous Minstrel Troupes that travel about the country.

AS AN INSTANCE OF THE STEERING AND ENDURING
POPULARITY OF
THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS
the following facts are submitted:

THE PRESENT SEASON AT THE ST. JAMES'S HALL
commenced on September, 1873.
From that period down to the present the Company has performed
EIGHT, TEN, and sometimes TWELVE TIMES IN
EACH WEEK.

THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE TERM.

IN ONE CONTINUOUS SEASON,
without the break of a single lawful day.

THE PRESENT BEING THE
TENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR

AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

A fact altogether unparalleled in the history of the world's amusements.

Visitors arriving in London by any of the Railways will find omnibuses outside each terminus which will convey them direct to the doors of the St. James's Hall.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—There is No Person living connected with a Minstrel Company whose real name is Charles Christy.

THE TITLE OF CHRISTY MINSTRELS IS NOW
TOTALLY EXTINGUISHED.

HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL

HALL, 1874.—SATURDAY, May 29; Monday, May 31;
Tuesday, June 1; Wednesday, June 2; Thursday, June 3; Friday,
June 4. One Thousand Pounds in Prizes.

S. SIDNEY, Secretary and Manager.

MONEY, TIME, and LIFE

are lost in the event of
ACCIDENTAL INJURY OR DEATH.

Provide against these losses by a Policy of the
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY AGAINST
ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS.

The Oldest and Largest Accidental Assurance Company.

Hon. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.

Paid up Capital and Reserve Fund, £140,000.

Annual Income, £180,000.

£210,000 have been paid as Compensation.

Bonns allowed to Insurers of 10 Years Standing.

Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Station; the Local Agents; or
64, Cornhill, and 19, Regent street, London.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

SCHOLARSHIPS.—An Election to Four

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS—two of £50 a year, one of £30,
and one of £20—with be held on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1875.

Apply to the Bursar, Radley College, Abingdon.

STAMMERING.—The Rev. H. F. RIVERS,

M.A., F.R.S.L., Knowles Bank, Tunbridge, successor to the
late Dr. Hunt, F.R.S.L., combines EDUCATION with the CURE
OF STAMMERING. Mr. Rivers attends at 4, 8, 12, Mark Lane,
London W.C., on the First and Third Thursday of Every Month,
from Eleven to Two p.m.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—JOHN

JOSEPH MOORE, of the largest Stocks in London of
Articles exclusively suited for Christmas, New Year, Wedding, Birth-
day, or Complimentary Presents, and at prices suited to the require-
ments of all. It would be impossible to give a list of all the articles
submitted to view in his magnificent Show-Room, 55 yards long;
but a visit is respectfully solicited. Catalogues post-free.

112, Regent street, W.

CHRISTMAS, 1874.—STATHAM'S

SCIENTIFIC and EDUCATIONAL TOYS, &c.—Best presents
for Youngsters. Send 3 stamps for Price List.

W. E. STATHAM, Show-Room and Warehouse, 111, Strand, London.

CHUBB'S NEW PATENT SAFES.

Fire and Thief Resisting, and with Diagonal Bolts.

CHUBB'S JEWEL SAFES

for Ladies' Rooms, specially fitted.

CHUBB'S PATENT DETECTOR LOCKS

of all sizes and for every purpose.

CHUBB'S STREET-DOOR LATCHES,

with small and neat Keys.

CHUBB'S CASH AND DEED BOXES,

all fitted with Detector Locks.

CHUBB and SON'S PRICE-LIST, with

Illustrations of all the above Articles, sent post-free on applica-
tion at their Warehouse, 67, St. Paul's churchyard, E.C., and 68,
St. James's street, N.W., London; 28, Lord-street, Liverpool; 68,
Cross-street, Manchester; and Wolverhampton.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—A Collection

of Thirty Varieties of Choice FLOWER SEEDS, of this year's
growth, including Chinese Primulas, Calceolarias, Cineraria, Pansy,
German Stocks, Aster, &c. With full cultural directions and book
on growing. Post-free, 6s. P.O.O. to
J. R. CLARK, Seed man, 17, Lowther-street, Liverpool.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA,

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.

Guaranteed all Cocoa with the essence of Fat extracted.

Prepared by the faculty "the most nutritious, perfectly
digestible Beverage for BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER."

Keeps in all climates. Requires no cooking. In Air-Tight Tins, at
1s. 6d., 3s., &c. by Chemists and Grocers. Samples free by post.

The best Cocoa for India and the Colonies. Highly commended by
the entire Medical Press.

H. Schweitzer and Co., 10, Adair-street, Adolph, London.

COVERINGS for BALD HEADS, the hair

having the appearance of growing on the head, so closely
imitating Nature as to render detection impossible.—UNWIN and
ALBERT, 17, Regent-street; and 6, Belgrave Mansions, Pimlico.

LADIES' ORNAMENTAL HAIR.

UNWIN and ALBERT, Court Hairdressers, 17, Regent-street,
and 6, Belgrave Mansions, invite an inspection of their Ladies'
Perukes and Coverings for Thin Partings, perfect copies of nature.

COILS of LONG HAIR, 28 in., 21s.;

Manne Trusses of Long Hair, 21s.; Curly, 21in., 10s. 6d.;
Plaits, 10s. 6d.; Spanish Coats, 5s. On receipt of P.O. order.—
UNWIN and ALBERT, 17, Regent-street; and 6, Belgrave Mansions.

TO LADIES.—TRESSES of HAIR, either

Plain for Dressing, or as a Plait or Twist, best quality hair,
all one length, from 10s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. always in stock; 15-inch,
10s. 6d.; 18-inch, 17s. 6d.; 21-inch, 23s. 6d.; 22-inch, 3s. Forwarded
to any part of the Kingdom on receipt of amount and colour of hair.
W. WALLER, Court Hairdresser, 25, Camden-road, London, N.W.
Established 20 years.

LADIES who save the COMBINGS of

their HAIR can have them properly prepared, the roots
turned, made up by a process perfected by W. WALLER, and re-
turned post-free, at 8s. 6d. per doz.

W. Waller Court Hairdresser &c., 25, Camden-road, London, N.W.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE THROUGHOUT.

OETZMANN and CO.

FURNISHING EXHIBITION.—Visitors
to London should INSPECT the EXTENSIVE DISPLAY of
DECORATIVE ARTICLES of every description for the complete
furnishing of a House of any class, with a view to artistically com-
bined with utility. The goods are conveniently arranged in separate
departments, a 1 communicating, and visitors are conducted through
the spacious Show-rooms and Galleries without the slightest impor-
tunity to purchase. Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality.
OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, and 73, Hampstead-road (near
Tottenham-court-road, and Gower-street, a mile). Established 1848.
A detailed Catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, 10s. 6d.
The Establishment is visible from Tottenham-court-road.
OETZMANN and CO.

ESTIMATES for HOUSE FURNISHING.
OETZMANN and CO.'s system for Estimating the Cost of
completely furnishing a House of any class with every requisite
supplies any other method. See "A Guide to House Furnishing,"
sent post-free on application. All goods are very carefully packed
free of charge. This system will be found the most advantageous to
the purchaser.—OETZMANN and CO.

THE "NONPAREIL" BED-ROOM SUITE,
complete, 41s. 6d., is superior to any hitherto produced at the
price—is enamelled imitation of Amboyna, Batinwood, or any other
handsome wood; also enamelled in Arab or white ground, deco-
rated with fine lines—any colour.—OETZMANN and CO.

THE SANDRINGHAM PATTERN
BRUSSELS CARPET obtained the National Bronze Medal
School of Art, South Kensington. Highly artistic designs and
colourings.—Agents: OETZMANN and CO.

MADRID STRIPED CURTAINS, all WOOL,
3 yards long by 45 inches wide, 15s. per pair; 31 yards,
17s. 6d.; 4 yards, 20s.; best Worsted Damask Curtains, in green,
crimson, or any self colour, plaited top, bordered all round with
best embroidered silk lace, 5 yards long by 51 inches wide, 25s. per
pair; 31 yards, 30s.; 4 yards, 35s.; best reps ditto 3 yards, by 54
inches wide 4s.; 31 yards, 50s.; 4 yards, 57s. 6d. Forwarded same
day on receipt of order. One trial will ensure recommendation.
No common damask or reps used, sold, or advised. Descriptive
List post-free.—OETZMANN and CO.

**OETZMANN and CO.'S ELECTRO-
SILVER PLATE,** the best quality manufactured, and dura-
bly guaranteed. Spoons, Forks, Knives, Fish-Cutters, Tea and
Coffee sets, Vases, Waiters, Cake-Baskets, Biscuit-Trays, Crates,
Liquor-Mugs, Tankards, Sporting-Cups, Dish-Covers, Cerve-Dishes,
&c.; as a large assortment of Table Cutlery, warranted best Steel.
Price-List post-free. Orders for Electro-Plate or Cutlery of £2
upwards carriage-free to any railway station in the Kingdom.

CHINA and GLASS DEPARTMENT.

Superior cut-glass Tumblers, 3s. 6d. per dozen; Vases, 2s. 6d.;
richly-cut Decanters, 7s. 6d. per pair; Lustres, Vases (the 5s. pair of
Vases are a marvel of cheapness and elegance), Marble and Gilt
Ormolu Clocks, Bronzes, Statuettes, fine Porcelain Figures; elegant
Cases of Stuffed Birds, Wax Flowers under Glass Shades, handsome
China Flower Pots, Jardinieres, &c.; Hand-painted China Tea Services,
from 6s. 9d. upwards; 12, 18, 24, 36, 48, 60, 72, 96, 120, 144, 168, 192,
in great variety of patterns, from 17s. 6d. upwards; Dessert Services,
from 15s. 6d. Dessert for Wedgwood and Co.'s celebrated Ware; also
for best Worcester China. Hand-painted Toilet Sets, ewer, basin, &c.,
6s. 11d. per set; superb ditto, 10s. 6d.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69,
71, 73, Hampstead-road; three minutes' walk from Tottenham-court-
road and Gower-street Station, Metropolitan Railway. All Goods
sent carefully packed. A detailed Catalogue post-free on application.
OETZMANN and CO.

**OETZMANN and CO. HAMPSTEAD-
ROAD,**

NEAR TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD.

LEWIN CRAWCOUR and CO., Complete

HOUSE FURNISHERS,

71, 73, and 75, Brompton-road, London. Established 1810.

COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED

CATALOGUE, GRATIS and POST-FREE.

NEW and ENLARGED EDITION.

CONTAINS NEARLY 700 DESIGNS OF

USEFUL, ARTISTIC, and WELL-SEASONED FURNITURE,

AND ESTIMATES FOR FURNISHING EVERY CLASS

OF HOUSES.

LEWIN CRAWCOUR and CO. forward

all Goods selected from Catalogue carriage paid to any Railway



GOING HOME TO DINNER: A SKETCH ON THE SOUTH COAST.—DRAWN BY H. PETHERICK.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN,
QUADRANT HOUSE, 74, REGENT-ST.
 (opposite St. James's Hall),
 and
7 & 9, AIR-STREET, LONDON, W.
SILK, SATIN, LACE, and FUR
 MERCHANT and COSTUMIER to
H. R. and I. H. THE CROWN PRINCESS
 of GERMANY.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN begs to call the
 Attention of the Nobility and Gentry to the
 following

FASHIONABLE NOVELTIES that are
 always on view in his new and spacious

SHOW-ROOMS at
QUADRANT HOUSE, 74, REGENT-ST.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S COLOURED
SILKS. Over 2500 Patterns
 to choose from in all qualities and the most
 beautiful shades.
 Patterns post-free.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S BLACK SILK
DEPARTMENT.—Every description of the
 finest Black Silks.
 Patterns post-free.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S SATIN
SATINS. The newest Colours.
 Patterns post-free.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S for MOIRE
ANTIQUES. Patterns post-free.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S VELVET
DEPARTMENT.—Special attention is drawn
 to this Department, as there is the largest and
 most varied Stock of Black and Coloured
 Velvets, both Plain and Embroidered, in
 England.
 Patterns post-free.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S FANCY DRESS
DEPARTMENT.—Materials of all the latest
 Patterns.
 Patterns post-free.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S WOOLLEN
DEPARTMENT.—English, Scotch, and Irish
 Homespuns, in black, grey, blue, brown, &c., in all widths and
 qualities.
 Patterns post-free.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S COSTUME
DEPARTMENT.—Costumes in Silk, Satin,
 Velvet, and Fancy Materials in the most
 elegant and special designs. Over 1000 of the
 newest Costumes are always on view in the
 Show-Rooms, where may also be seen the most
 artistic Evening Toilettes, Dinner, Carriage,
 and Walking Dresses.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S MOURNING
DEPARTMENT.—Mourning Outfits on the
 shortest possible notice.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S for ELEGANT
TROUSSEAU. of the most fashionable and
 richly character.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S for BRIDAL
DRESSES. in New and Antique Designs, plain
 and with ornamentation.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S BRIDES-
MAIDS' ATTIRE in the most Fashionable
 Styles.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S for COURT
ROBES and RECEPTION DRESSES.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S for ROBES
DE CHAMBRES. Mantles, Polonaises, Jettied
 Tabliers, Cuirasses, Opera Cloaks, Carriage
 Wraps of the newest and most artistic
 patterns.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S for SHAWLS
 of every description.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S MATELASSE
DEPARTMENT.—The Largest Stock of this
 beautiful material in every colour.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S MILLINERY
DEPARTMENT.—The choicest selection of
 Parisian Millinery.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S JACKET
DEPARTMENT.—A large and choice assort-
 ment of the richest Velvet Jackets, plain and
 trimmed with every description of Fur. See
 Fur Advertisement on Wrapper.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S LACE
DEPARTMENT.—Point d'Alencon, Point de
 Gaze, Point de Bruxelles, Point Duchesse,
 Chantilly, Beautiful Valenciennes, Fêlerines,
 Lace Costumes, Berthes, Marie Antoinettes,
 Wedding Shawls, Bridal Veils, Lace Jackets,
 Complete Costumes of Real Point de Gaze.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S FUR
DEPARTMENT.—For particulars of this De-
 partment please refer to Special Advertis-
 ment on Wrapper.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S TRIMMING
DEPARTMENT.—Silk, Beaded, Feather, and
 Fur Trimmings; Silk and Beaded Fringes.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S for BUTTONS
 and ORNAMENTS of every description.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S FANCY
LEATHER GOODS DEPARTMENT.—Over
 5000 of the most beautiful articles in Velvet,
 Satin, and Russia Leather, comprising Work
 Boxes, Reticules, Hand-Bags, Travelling-Bags,
 Dressing-Bags, Cigar-Cases, Pocket-Books,
 Card-Cases, Albums, Cigar-Stands, &c.

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN'S for MUSICAL
BOXES. fitted to Work-Boxes, Cigar-Stands,
 Photographic Albums, Ladies' Companions,
 Scent-Cases, Scrap-Books, &c.

OPINION of the PRESS on the
SHOW-ROOMS.

MORNING POST says:
 "Its decoration is exceedingly gorgeous.
 From the ground floor an easy winding stair-
 case leads to the Parisian show-rooms on the
 first floor. To the right opens a saloon of
 magnificent proportions, decorated in the most
 exquisite style. To the left extend several
 other show-rooms, equally well decorated;
 and here the profusion of mirrors, the lovely
 frescoes on the ceiling, and the lavish gilding
 of panels and cornices would be dazzling to the
 eye were it not that the most careful and in-
 telligent attention is everywhere presiding
 over the tasteful exhibition of costumes."

AUGUSTUS AHLBORN,
QUADRANT HOUSE,
 74, Regent-street, and 7 and 9, Air-street,
 LONDON, W.

OPPOSITE ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MAPLE and CO.,
TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD,
LONDON.

FURNITURE. FURNITURE.
FURNITURE. FURNITURE.
FURNITURE. FURNITURE.

MAPLE and CO.'S NEW ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE, containing the Price of every Article Re-
 quired in Furnishing, post-free. Foreign and Country orders punctu-
 ally and faithfully executed on receipt of a remittance or London
 reference.

MAPLE and CO.'S FURNISHING
ESTABLISHMENT is the largest and most convenient in
 the world. A house of any magnitude can be furnished from Stock in
 a few days, an immense advantage to Country Customers, for
 Merchants, or for Exportation.

MAPLE and CO. supply every requisite
 for HOUSE FURNISHING, including Linens, Ironmongery,
 Glass, Crockery-ware, Clocks, Bronzes, and every description of
 Ornaments, either for Dining or Drawing Room, or for Christmas
 and Wedding Presents, in separate Departments.

MAPLE and CO.—DINING-ROOM
FURNITURE.—Sideboards, in Oak, Mahogany, and other
 woods, from 5 ga. to 100 ga. Fine Oak and Mahogany Dining Room
 Furniture. Tables, from 3 ga. to 70 ga. An immense assortment of
 Clocks, Bronzes, and other Ornaments.

MAPLE and CO.—DRAWING-ROOM
FURNITURE, the largest assortment in London; an end-
 less variety of Cabinets, from 2 to 60 ga., many quite new in design;
 a large assortment of Buhl Furniture, as well as Black and Gold;
 100 Easy-Chairs, from 1 to 10 ga.; a very extensive Stock of Clocks,
 Bronzes, and Fancy Ornaments; 500 Chimney-Glasses, from 3 to
 80 ga.; Console Tables, as well as Girandoles, from 1 to 20 ga.

FURNITURE.—DRAWING-ROOM.—The
 largest selection in the world to select from. Some handsome
 Drawing-Room Suites, complete, in Silk, from 30 ga.; in Rep, from
 10 ga. 500 Easy-Chairs in various shapes. Eugénie Easy-Chairs,
 28s. 6d.; Vienna Easy-Chairs, 38s. 6d. Couches to correspond.

FURNITURE.—MAPLE & CO.—Families
 who study economy with durability and elegance should visit
 this establishment before giving their orders. A House of any size
 furnished complete from stock in three days. An Illustrated Cata-
 logue post-free.—145, 146, 147, 148, and 149, Tottenham-court-road,
 London.

MAPLE and CO.,
TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD.

BEDSTEADS. BEDSTEADS.
BEDSTEADS. BEDSTEADS.
BED-ROOM FURNITURE, MAPLE & CO.
BED-ROOM FURNITURE, MAPLE & CO.

BED-ROOM FURNITURE, MAPLE & CO.
 For BEDSTEADS in Wood, Iron, and Brass, fitted with
 Furniture and Bedding complete. Suites for Bed-Rooms, from 10 ga.
 each. See Illustrated Catalogue.

BRASS and IRON BEDSTEADS.—Five
 Thousand to select from. From 12s. to 30 ga. Handsome
 Brass Bedsteads, 5 ga. Bedding of every description manufactured
 on the premises, and all warranted.

BED-ROOM FURNITURE.—100 Suites,
 of various designs, to select from, from 10 ga. for Suite complete.
 Bed-Room Suites, enamelled Siberian Ash, Satin-Wood, Hungarian
 Ash, Oak, &c., from 15 ga.—MAPLE and CO., 145, 146, 147, Totten-
 ham-court-road.

BED-ROOM SUITES in SOLID ASH, from
 30 ga. to 50 ga. Bed-Room Suites in Black and Gold, very
 choice and handsome style, from 10 ga. to 50 ga. The largest assort-
 ment of Bed-Room Furniture in London to select from.

MAPLE and CO.,
TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD.

CARPETS. CARPETS.
CARPETS. CARPETS.

MAPLE and CO. for CARPETS.
 Families Furnishing should inspect this Stock before de-
 ciding. They will find a considerable advantage in price, besides
 having the largest choice to select from, including some of the finest
 and best designs ever offered. Patterns sent on receiving a de-
 scription of what is likely to be required. All Carpets at the whole-
 sale price.—Maple and Co., 145 to 149, Tottenham-court-road.

MAPLE and CO.'S NEW CARPET
SHOW-ROOMS, entirely for the display of British and
 Foreign Carpets of every description, are now open. Goods will be
 sold at the smallest remunerative profit. All the new, choice pat-
 terns for 1874; also 500 pieces of old-pattern Brussels, to be sold
 cheap. Kidderminster, Felt, Dutch, Turkey, Indian, and, in fact,
 every description of Carpets, at the wholesale price.—145, 146, 147,
 148, 149, Tottenham-court-road; Nos. 1 to 15, Tottenham-place; and
 2 to 6, Grafton-street East.

TURKEY CARPETS.—An importation of
 extra-quality CARPETS just received by the ship Red
 Gauntlet. Prices from 8 ga. to 40 ga. Axminster Carpets also in
 stock, from 6 ga. to 30 ga., especially suited for dining-rooms and
 libraries. Indian Carpets and Rugs in large quantities. Ambrosian
 Carpets for drawing-rooms and boudoirs of every size. A large stock
 of Persian, Turkey, and Foreign Rugs from 17s., some very curious
 in make and design. The trade supplied.
 MAPLE and CO., Tottenham-court-road.

CRETONNE CHINTZ.—Messrs. MAPLE
 and CO. beg to call particular attention to their Stock of this
 most fashionable Material, which comprises, besides all the Patterns
 to be obtained elsewhere, a large assortment of Magnificent Designs,
 drawn and manufactured especially for them. These goods are
 superior in taste and manufacture to any ever offered before.
 Tottenham-court-road.

CRETONNE CHINTZ.—Just received from
 Mulhouse, a Manufacturer's Stock of about 1000 Pieces, at
 prices varying from 10d. per yard. These goods are about half the
 price they were.

THE BEAUFORT BED-ROOM TOILET
 WARE, the greatest novelty of the day, new in shape and
 design; elegant, colours very choice. The Ware is manufactured
 expressly for Messrs. Maple and Co., price from 15s. 9d. to 5 ga. the
 Set. The trade supplied.—MAPLE and CO., Tottenham-court-road.

CRETONNE CHINTZ. MAPLE & CO.
CRETONNE CHINTZ. MAPLE & CO.
CRETONNE CHINTZ. MAPLE & CO.
CRETONNE CHINTZ. MAPLE & CO.

THE LARGEST STOCK of this New
 and Fashionable Material in London; some new and exclusive
 designs just received; not to be obtained elsewhere. Those who
 study taste should see these Goods before ordering.
 Patterns sent into the country on receiving a description of what
 is likely to be required.—MAPLE and CO.

MAPLE and CO.,
 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, Tottenham-court-road; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9,
 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15, Tottenham-place; 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Grafton-
 street East, London.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are
 prepared from a highly-scented recipe for alleviating
 Bronchial Affections, Asthma, Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, and Irrita-
 tion or Soreness of the Throat.
 Public Speakers and Vocalists will find them beneficial in clearing
 the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after
 any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adapta-
 tion to affections which disturb the organs of speech. Few are aware
 of the importance of checking a cough on "slight cold" in its first
 stages. That which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy,
 if neglected soon attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches"
 are a most valuable article when coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza,
 hoarseness, and sore throat are prevalent. The Troches give sure
 and almost immediate relief.
 A Branch House is opened in London for the sale of "Brown's
 Bronchial Troches," which have been so long justly celebrated
 throughout the United States and British Provinces. Their value
 has been proved by an experience of many years, and they are
 highly recommended and prescribed by medical men and others of
 eminence. Price 1s. 14d. per Box.
 JOHN L. BROWN and SONS, Proprietors, Boston, Massachusetts,
 U.S.A.
 Sold by most Chemists and Medicine Dealers in the United States,
 British Provinces, and Great Britain.
 LONDON DEPOT, 493, OXFORD-STREET.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
 Cure Coughs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
 Cure Colds.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
 Cure Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
 for Consumption.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
 Price only 1s. 14d. per Box.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
 Sold Everywhere.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
 Relieve Asthma.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
 are Healing to the Lungs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,
 for Catarrh.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,
 for Sore Throat.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
 CLEGGMAN'S SORE THROAT.

A chronic inflammation of the small mucous glands connected
 with the membranes which line the throat and windpipe, the ap-
 proach of which is often so insidious as scarcely to attract notice;
 an increase of mucus, and a sense of weariness and loss of
 power in the throat after public speaking or singing. It arises from
 cold or any unusual exertion of the voice. These incipient symptoms
 are allayed by using "Brown's Bronchial Troches," while, if neg-
 lected, an entire loss of voice is often experienced.

THROAT AFFECTIONS and HOARSENESS.
 All suffering from Irritation of the Throat and Hoarseness will be
 agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the
 use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." The demulcent ingredients
 allay pulmonary irritation, and after public speaking or singing,
 when the throat is wearied and weakened by too much exercise,
 their use will give renewed strength to the vocal organs.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are the most popular article in
 Europe for Throat Diseases, Coughs, and Colds; and this popularity
 is based upon real merit. This result has been acquired by a test
 of many years, and "The Troches" continue to stand the first in
 public favour and confidence. They can be procured of any first-
 class Chemist, at 1s. 14d. per Box, throughout the kingdom.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
 Cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Influenza, Irritation, or
 Soreness of the Throat; relieve the hacking Cough in Consumption,
 Bronchitis, Hooping-Cough, Asthma, Catarrh; Clear and Strengthen
 the Voice of Singers. Indispensable to Public Speakers. "The
 Troches" have the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" on the
 Government stamp around each box. Sold by all Medicine Vendors.

LONDON DEPOT, 493, OXFORD-STREET.

WHO IS MRS. WINSLOW?—As this
 question is frequently asked, we shall simply say that she
 is a lady who for upwards of thirty years has untiringly devoted
 her time and talents as a female physician and nurse, principally
 among children. She has especially studied the constitution and
 wants of this numerous class, and, as a result of this effort and prac-
 tical knowledge, obtained in a lifetime spent as nurse and phy-
 sician, she has compounded a Soothing Syrup for children. It
 operates like magic, giving rest and health, and is, moreover, sure
 to regulate the bowels. In consequence of this article, Mrs.
 Winslow is becoming world-renowned as a benefactor of her race.
 Children certainly do rise up and bless her. Especially is this the
 case in this city. Vast quantities of the Soothing Syrup are daily
 sold and used here. We think Mrs. Winslow has immortalised her
 name by this valuable article, and we sincerely believe thousands of
 children have been saved from an early grave by its timely use, and
 that millions yet unborn will share its benefits and unite in calling
 her blessed. No mother has discharged her duty to her suffering
 little one, in our opinion, until she has given it the benefit of Mrs.
 Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Try it, mothers; try it now.—"Ladies'
 Visitor," New York City.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,
 for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.
 Pleasant to take.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
 is Perfectly Safe.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
 Soothes the Child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
 gives Rest to the Child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
 gives Rest to the Mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.
 Sold by all Chemists.

A DOWN TOWN MERCHANT, having
 passed several sleepless nights, disturbed by the agonies and
 cries of a suffering child, becoming convinced that Mrs.
 WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP was just the article needed,
 procured a supply for the child. On reaching home, and acquaint-
 ing his wife with what he had done, she refused to have it admi-
 nistered to the child, as she was strongly in favour of homeopathy.
 That night the child passed in suffering, and the parents without
 sleep. Retiring home the day following, the father found the baby
 still worse; and, while contemplating another sleepless night, the
 mother stepped from the room to attend to some domestic duties,
 and left the father with the child. During her absence he admi-
 nistered a portion of the Soothing Syrup to the baby, and said
 nothing. That night all hands slept well, and the little fellow
 awoke the morning bright and happy. The mother was delighted
 with the sudden and wonderful change; and, although at first
 offended at the deception practised upon her, has continued to use
 the Syrup; and suffering, crying babies at rest, restless nights have dis-
 appeared. A single trial of the Syrup never yet failed to relieve the
 baby and overcome the prejudices of the mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
 Cures Dysentery.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
 Cures Diarrhoea.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
 Cures Wind Colic.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
 Relieves all Pain.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
 Softens the Gums.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you
 broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of
 cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist, and get a bottle of Mrs.
 WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor suffer-
 er immediately; it is perfectly harmless; it produces natural quiet
 sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes
 "as bright as a button." It has been long in use in America, and is
 highly recommended by medical men. It is a very pleasant taste;
 it soothes the child; it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves
 wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for
 dysentery and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other
 causes. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and
 see that "C. H. Perkins, New York and London," is on the
 outside wrapper. No other should be without it. Sold by all
 Medicine Dealers at 1s. 14d.

LONDON DEPOT, 493, OXFORD-STREET.

FLORILINE.
 For the TEETH and BREATH.

Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses
 partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules,"
 leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the
 breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline
 removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco
 smoke.

For children and adults whose teeth show marks of decay its
 advantages are paramount. The "Floriline" should be thoroughly
 brushed into all the cavities; no one need fear using it too often or
 too much at a time. Among the ingredients being soda, honey,
 spirits of wine, borax, and extracts from sweet herbs and
 plants, it forms not only the very best dentifrice for cleansing ever
 discovered, but one that is perfectly delicious to the taste and as
 harmless as sherry. The taste is so pleasing that, instead of taking
 up the toothbrush with dislike, as is often the case, children will on
 no account omit to use the "Floriline" regularly each morning if
 only left to their own choice. Children cannot be taught the use of the
 toothbrush too young; early neglect invariably produces pre-
 mature decay of the teeth. "Floriline" is prepared only by HENRY
 C. GALLUP, 493, Oxford-street, London; and sold by all Chemists
 and Perfumers throughout the world at 2s. 6d. per bottle.
 "Floriline" Powder, put up in large glass jars, price 1s.

FLORILINE.
 For the TEETH and BREATH.

Its constant use prevents the Teeth
 From tarnish or decay;
 All acids, acids, too, it drives
 Persistently away.
 It cleanses every tainted place,
 However long it's been,
 And purifies the human mouth,
 Does "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

This pure and matchless Dentifrice
 Surpasses all the rest;
 It is acknowledged on all hands
 As infinitely best;
 Cull'd from the choicest, sweetest Flowers,
 In distant lands now seen,
 They give a most delicious charm
 To "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

One trial of this liquid gem
 Will prove its wondrous powers;
 The mouth will feel as fresh and sweet
 As Spring's delightful showers.
 It beautifies your teeth at once,
 Discoloured though they've been;
 For nothing answers half so well
 As "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.
 For the TEETH and BREATH.

"Floriline"—The most eminent Chemists of the day admit
 that Floriline will produce snowy teeth and fragrant breath
 where nothing else will. While mineral tooth preparations injure
 the enamel of the teeth, this wonderful vegetable liquid pre-
 serves and beautifies them. Symptoms of decay and all discolours-
 tions of every sort disappear like magic; and by its delightful use
 the mouth becomes as fragrant and sweet as a font of flowers; so
 that, in fact, when it has once been used, either by the young or the
 old, they will never discontinue it, but, as the "Christian World"
 truly says, "Those who once begin to use it will certainly never
 willingly give it up."

Another great authority says:—"The Floriline is a vegetable
 dentifrice of the purest quality; it is perfectly harmless in its use—
 benefiting, but not injuring. It imparts to the teeth a pearly and
 most beautiful whiteness, gives a delightful fragrance and sweetness
 to the breath, and no discovery having the same purpose in view has
 hitherto approached it in interest or success."

From the "Young Ladies' Journal":—"An agreeable dentifrice
 is always a luxury. As one of the most agreeable may be reckoned
 Floriline. It cleanses the teeth and imparts a pleasant odour to the
 breath. It has been analysed by several eminent professors of
 chemistry, and they concur in their testimony to its usefulness.
 We are frequently asked to recommend a dentifrice to our readers;
 therefore we cannot do better than advise them to try the Fragrant
 Floriline."

Put up in elegant toilet cases, and sold by all Perfumers and
 Dealers in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.
 Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, 493, Oxford-street.

FLORILINE.—May be had of most
 respectable dealers in all parts of the world.—M. Swann, 13,
 Rue Castiglione, Paris; W. Kingston, Malta; Bathgate and Co.,
 Calcutta; B. G. Lennon, Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope; Malabar
 and Co., Kingston, Jamaica; T. Plimmer, Bridgetown, Barbadoes;
 Felton, Grimwade, and Co., Melbourne; Sharland and Co., Auck-
 land, N. Z.; Hatton and Laws, Launceston, Tasmania; A. M.
 Bickford and Sons, Adelaide; Berkeley and Taylor, Brisbane; Elliott
 Brothers, Sydney; T. Pinto Bastos, Rio Janeiro.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.

If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use THE
 MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER, for it will positively restore, in
 every case, grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving
 the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair
 charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair
 on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Certificates from
 Dr. Versmann on every bottle, with full particulars.

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the
 hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days.
 It promotes growth, and prevents the hair falling out, eradicating
 dandruff, and leaving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition.
 It imparts peculiar vitality to the roots of the hair, restoring it to
 its youthful freshness and vigour. Daily applications of this pre-
 paration for a week or two will surely restore faded, grey, or white
 hair to its natural colour and richness.

It is not a dye, nor does it

NEW BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

MESSRS. HATCHARD,
BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS,
187, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

A Very Large Assortment of
THE NEW CHRISTMAS BOOKS,
In Cloth and Leather Bindings,
FOR THE LIBRARY, THE TABLE, AND FOR CHILDREN.
A Liberal Discount for Cash.

Established more than Eighty Years.

MESSRS. HATCHARD'S LIST.

A NEW SERIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

1. **THIS TROUBLESOME WORLD.**
Cloth extra, with Frontispiece, each 5s.
By Lady BARKER, Author of "Ribbons Stories," &c.
"An interesting story of the year 1745."—*Court Journal*.
2. **TRUEHEARTED. A Tale for Girls.**
By CRONA TEMPLE, Author of "Royal Captives," &c.
"A capital story with an excellent moral."—*Court Circular*.
3. **FLEUR-DE-LIS; OR,**
Leaves from French History. By ESTHER CARR.
4. **ROYAL CAPTIVES.**
By CRONA TEMPLE.
"One of the best boys' and girls' books we ever read."—*Graphic*.
5. **THE LOVELLS.**
By Mrs. WEBB, Author of "Naomi," &c.
"As pretty a tale as one would wish to peruse."—*Bookseller*.
6. **HER FIRST IMPRESSIONS.**
By Mrs. HOLLINGS, Author of "Ethel Woodville."
"A thoroughly good book."—*Standard*.
7. **EIGHTY YEARS AGO.**
By Miss H. CAYE.
"A pleasant tale of country life, giving personal reminiscences of the great events in France in 1792."—*John Bull*.
8. **A ROSE AND A PEARL.**
By CHRISTINA FRASER TYTLER.
"The story is well written."—*Fall Mall Gazette*.
9. **SWEET VIOLET, and Other Stories.**
By CHRISTINA FRASER TYTLER.
"They are most remarkable for an easy and well-bred manner."—*Fall Mall Gazette*.
10. **TALES ON THE BEATITUDES.**
By HARRIET POWER, Author of "Beatrice Langton," &c.
"As aids to serious thought, and as a choice contribution to religious literature, we cordially commend the work."—*Public Opinion*.

Just published, square fcap, cloth, 2s. 6d.,
SHORT WORDS FOR LONG EVENINGS.
By E. WORDSWORTH. For Mothers' Meetings, &c.
"Another of Miss Wordsworth's beautiful books."—*Review*.

Just published, square fcap, cloth, 2s. 6d.,
THOUGHTS FOR A CHIMNEY-CORNER.
By E. WORDSWORTH. For Cottage Homes, &c.
"One of the most delightful books we have come across for a long time."—*John Bull*.

Just published, in imperial 32mo, cloth antique, gilt leaves, 2s. 6d.;
imp c oth, 2s.; roan, 2s. 4d.; morocco, 5s. 6d. to 10s.

THE SHAKESPEARE BIRTHDAY BOOK;
containing Quotations for Every Day in the Year and Blank Pages for Autographs.

It has been thought that a Birthday Book of a secular character would be more suitable for the Drawing-room and for Autographs of all kinds of people than a volume of texts and hymns.

WORKS BY MISS A. F. TYTLER.

In fcap 8vo, with Illustrations, each 3s. 6d.,

1. **LEILA; OR, THE ISLAND.**
 2. **LEILA IN ENGLAND.**
 3. **LEILA AT HOME.**
 4. **MARY AND FLORENCE.**
 5. **MARY AND FLORENCE AT SIXTEEN.**
- "These works are excellent. Miss Tytler's writings are especially valuable for their religious spirit. The perfect nature and true art with which she sketches from juvenile life show powers which might be more ambitiously displayed, but cannot be better bestowed."—*Quarterly Review*.

THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY.
By Mrs. SHERWOOD. In 3 vols., 12mo, cloth, each 3s. 6d.,

TEXT-BOOKS BY MR. G. W. MOON.

1. **DEMY 24mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; roan, 3s.;** Cheaper Edition, without blank leaves, cloth, 1s. 6d.; roan, 2s.
2. **THE SOUL'S INQUIRIES ANSWERED IN THE WORDS OF SCRIPTURE.** A Daily Scripture Text-Book. Third Edition.

THE SOUL'S DESIRES BREATHED TO GOD IN THE WORDS OF SCRIPTURE. To which is added an Abbreviation of the Psalms for One Month's Reading at Morning and Evening Family Prayer.
"Another of Mr. Moon's most admirable compilations."—*Review*.

Just published, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.; paper, 1s., post-free,
THE LADY'S CROCHET-BOOK.

Containing Thirty-Eight Easy Patterns. By E. M. O.
Just published, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.; paper, 1s., post-free,
THE LADY'S KNITTING-BOOK.

Eighty Tested Receipts. With Illustrations. By E. M. O.
"This work will be found invaluable."—*Women and Work*.

OUR NURSERIES AND SCHOOL-ROOMS.

Remarks on Home Training and Teaching. By E. HOOPER, of Evesey. Crown 8vo, cloth 2s.

"One of the most intelligent guides we have seen."—*Lit. Chman*.

HINTS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF EARLY EDUCATION AND NURSERY DISCIPLINE. By the late Mrs. S. HOARE, of Harnstead Heath. Eighteenth Edit. Fcap 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"I think I may say that of all the men we meet with, nine parts of ten are what they are—good or evil, useful or not—by their education."—*Locke*.

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PEEP OF DAY."

1. **THE PEEP OF DAY.**

A New Drawing-Room Edition. Impl. 16mo, with 11 full-page illustrations, cloth extra, 6s.; bevelled boards, 7s. 6d. Also with 57 illustrations, 2s.; roan, 2s. 6d. Cheap Edition, with illustrations, 1s. 2d.

2. **APOSTLES PREACHING TO JEWS; OR,**
The Acts Explained to Children.
18mo, illustrated and Coloured Map. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; roan, 3s.

3. **THE KINGS OF ISRAEL AND JUDAH.**
18mo, 11 coloured and Coloured Map, cloth, 3s.; roan, 3s. 6d. Cheap Edition, with illustrations, 1s. 6d.

4. **PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT.**
Thirty-six Thousand. 18mo, illust. and Map, cloth, 3s. 6d.; roan, 3s. 6d. Cheap Edition, with illust., 1s. 6d.

5. **LINE UPON LINE.**

A SECOND SERIES OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.
Part I. 38th Thou. Illust., 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; roan, 3s. Part II. 17th Thou. Illust., 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; roan, 3s.

6. **LINE'S LEFT OUT.**
30th Thou. Illust. 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; roan, 3s.

7. **MORE ABOUT JESUS.**
45th Thou. Illust., 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; roan, 3s. Cheap Edition, with illust., 1s. 6d.

8. **SKEAKS OF LIGHT; OR,**
Fifty-two Facts from the Bible. 32d Thou. 52 Illust. 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; roan, 3s. Cheap Edition, with illust., 1s. 6d.

9. **THE PEEP OF DAY CHRISTMAS BOX.**
The above nine 18mo vols., roan, gilt leaves, in a box, 21 10s.

10. **NEAR HOME; Europe Described.**
With 11 Anecdotes. 68-h Th. u. Illust., and a Coloured Map, fcap, 5s.

11. **FAIR OFF. Part I. Asia Described.**
With 11 Anecdotes. 38th Thou. Illust., and a Col. Map, fcap, 4s. 6d.

12. **FAIR OFF. Part II. Australia, Africa, and America.**
25th Thou. Illust., and 2 Col. Maps, fcap, 4s. 6d.

READING WITHOUT TEARS; OR,
A Pleasant Mode of Learning to Read.
Part I. 30th Thousand. Illustrated, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Part II. 14th Thousand. Illustrated, cloth, 2s. 6d.
(Two Parts in One, cloth antique, 5s.)

MESSRS. HATCHARD,

BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS,

187, PICCADILLY, LONDON

NEW BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

SMITH, ELDER, and CO.'S
BOOKS SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.

HISTORY OF ART. By Dr. WILHELM LUBKE.
Translated by F. E. Bunnell. With 415 Illustrations. Third Edition, revised. 2 vols., imperial 8vo, price 42s.

HISTORY OF SCULPTURE. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Translated by F. E. Bunnell. 377 Illustrations. 2 vols., imperial 8vo, price 42s.

RUSSIAN FOLK TALES. By W. R. S. RALSTON, M.A., Author of "Kerf and His Fables," "The Songs of the Russian People," &c. Crown 8vo, 12s.

THE BORDERLAND OF SCIENCE. By R. A. PROCTOR, B.A., Editor of "Light Science for Leisure Hours," &c. With Portrait of the Author. 8vo, price 10s. 6d.

THE TROUBADOURS: Their Loves and their Lyrics. With Remarks on their Influence, Social and Literary. By JOHN RUTHERFORD. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

HOURS IN A LIBRARY. By LESLIE STEPHEN. SKETCHES IN ITALY AND GREECE. By J. A. SYMONDS, Author of "Studies of Greek Poets." "An Introduction to the Study of Dante," &c. Crown 8vo, price 5s.

BLUEBEARD'S KEYS, and Other Stories. By Miss THACKERAY, Author of "Old Kensington," "The Village on the Cliff," &c. Large crown 8vo, price 10s. 6d.

TOILERS AND SPINNERS, and Other Essays. By Miss THACKERAY. Large crown 8vo, price 7s. 6d.

W. M. THACKERAY'S WORKS.

THE LIBRARY EDITION. With all the Original Illustrations. 22 vols., 8vo, cloth gilt, price 43 5s.; or, in half Russia, 412 12s.

THE POPULAR EDITION. 12 vols., crown 8vo, with Frontispiece to each volume, scarlet cloth, gilt top, price 21s.; and, in half Morocco, price 45 5s.

THE ROSE AND THE RING; OR, THE HISTORY OF PRINCE GILIELLO AND PRINCE BULBO. A Finesse's Pantomime for Great and Small Children. By W. M. THACKERAY. With numerous Illustrations. New Edition, square 16mo, 5s., cloth gilt, 6s.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS. By W. M. THACKERAY. Comprising—Mrs. Perkins's Ball, Dr. Birch, Our Street, The Kicklebury on the Rhine, The Rose and the Ring. With Illustrations by the Author. 6s.

LIFE AND WORKS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER SISTERS, EMILY AND ANNE BRONTË. Illustrated Library Edition. Complete in 7 vols., price 7s. 6d. each.

MRS. GASKELL'S WORKS. New and uniform Edition. In 7 vols., each containing Four Illustrations. 3s. 6d. each, bound in cloth. Sets of 7 vols., bound in half-Morocco, price 42 12s. 6d.

WORKS BY SIR ARTHUR HELPS, K.C.B.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL. First Series. In 2 vols., crown 8vo, 5s.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL. Second Series. In 2 vols., crown 8vo, 5s.

COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

ESSAYS. Written in the intervals of Business; to which is added an Essay on Organisation in Daily Life. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

THE STORY OF GOETHE'S LIFE. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Crown 8vo, with Portrait, price 7s. 6d.; tree-calf, 12s. 6d.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE: a Dramatic Romance. By Sir HENRY TAYLOR. Fcap, 6s.

POEMS. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. With Portrait of the Author. 5 vols., crown 8vo, price 30s.

POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. 6 vols., crown 8vo, price 30s.

THE RING AND THE BOOK. By ROBERT BROWNING. 4 vols., crown 8vo, price 20s.

Three volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt, with gilt edges, 8s. 6d. each; plain cloth, plain edges, 7s. 6d. each.

1. **A SELECTION FROM THE POETRY OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.** With a Portrait of the Author.

2. **A SELECTION FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING.**

3. **AURORA LEIGH.** By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. With a Portrait of the Author.

London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

SEELEY and CO.'S NEW GIFT-BOOKS.

ETCHINGS FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY. Twelve Plates after Mantegna, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Goya, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, &c. Proofs (100 only printed), mounted on handsome boards, price 40 5s., in a portfolio.

EXAMPLES OF MODERN ETCHING. Twenty Plates. By Flamingo, Rejon, Seymour Haden, Bracquemond, Legros, S. Palmer, &c. With Notes by P. G. HAMERTON. Folio, 31s. 6d.

"Artistic and really valuable."—*Standard*.

TRESPASSERS; showing how the

Inhabitants of Earth, Air, and Water are enabled to Trespass on Domains not their Own. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "Homes without Hands," &c. Thirty Illustrations. 7s. 6d.

"The arrangement is a new one, and the groupings are highly picturesque."—*Standard*.

A QUIET CORNER OF ENGLAND:

A Studies of Landscape and Architecture in Rye, Winchelsea, and Romney-March. By BASIL CHAMPNEYS. Numerous Illustrations. 12s. 6d.

NOW-A-DAYS; OR, King's Daughters:

A Tale. By EMMA MARSHALL. 5s., cloth.

"Mrs. Marshall's people are real, natural men and women, and her family life such as may be met with anywhere."—*Guardian*.

THE LIFE OF ERASMUS. By the

Rev. A. R. PENNINGTON, M.A., Rector of Uxeter, Lincoln. Preface by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln. Portrait. 6s.

THE ANCIENT NATION: a Sign and a

Wonder. Twenty-one Illustrations. 5s.

"As a family book, or a present to a young friend, we know nothing so happily executed."—*Christian Standard*.

SUNDAY ECHOES IN WEEK-DAY

HOURS. By Mrs. CAREY BROCK. A New Volume; On the Epistles and Gospels. 5s. Also a Thirty-four Thousand of the First Series.

THE GREATEST OF THE PROPHETS:

a Life of Moses. By the Author of "Essays on the Church," "The Life of St. Peter," &c. Eight Illustrations. 6s.

FLOSS SILVERTHORN; OR, THE MASTER'S

Little Handmaid. By AGNES GIBBERNE. 3s. 6d.

"The story is well told, and its tone of feeling especially pure and high."—*Daily News*.

MERRY ELVES; OR, Little Adventures

in Fairyland. Twenty-four Illustrations by G. O. MURRAY. 2s. 6d.

"A piece of delightfully-fanciful fancy—of delicate fun."—*Nonconformist*.

THE MIRROR OF TRUTH, and other

Marvellous Histories. By Mrs. HAMERTON. Eight Engravings. 5s.

AMONG THE ARABS: Narratives of

Life and Adventure in the East. With numerous Illustrations. 2s. 6d.

DOG-LIFE: Narratives exhibiting Instinct,

Intelligence, Fidelity, Sympathy, and Sorrow. With Sixteen Engravings after Landseer. Large crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

HARRY BLOUNT: a Story for Boys.

By P. G. HAMERTON, Esq. (the Editor of "The Portfolio"). In crown 8vo, frontispiece, 5s., cloth.

NEW WORKS FOR THE YOUNG.

LIFE OF AN ELEPHANT. 24 Cuts. 5s.

MAY'S OWN BOY. 24 Cuts. By L. FROLICH. 5s.

LITTLE BLUE EYES, and other Stories of the

Fields and Flowers. 12 Cuts. 3s. 6d.

SEA BREEZES. 66 Cuts. 3s. 6d.

THE STORY OF A SUMMER DAY. 24 Illustrations by Frontenot. 5s. cloth.

TRAVELLER'S TALES. 45 Cuts. 3s. 6d.

A BOY'S KINGDOM. Many Cuts. 5s.

MRS. MOUSER. 20 Cuts. 5s.

SEELEY, JACKSON, and HALLIDAY, 54, Fleet-street, London.

NEW BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

HENRY S. KING and CO.'S NEW
BOOKS FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

ANN TAYLOR—AUTOBIOGRAPHY, &c. 24s.

SARA COLERIDGE—MEMOIR AND LETTERS.

SHELLEY MEMORIALS FROM AUTHENTIC

SOURCES. 5s.

DR. A. B. GRANVILLE—AUTOBIOGRAPHY. 3s.

SAMUEL LOVER—LIFE AND WORKS. 21s.

JOHN GREY—MEMOIRS. 3s. 6d.

A CLUSTER OF LIVES. 7s. 6d.

TENT LIFE IN NORWAY. 21s.

A VOYAGE TO SPITZBERGEN. 21s.

KERS ON THE ROAD TO KHIVA. 12s.

GOODMAN'S CUBA, THE PEARL OF THE

ANTILLES. 7s. 6d.

MOUNTAIN MEADOW, AND MERE. 6s.

PROCTOR'S EXPLANATION OF HEAVEN. 6s.

STRETTON'S THE WONDERFUL LIFE. 2s. 6d.

STRETTON'S CASSY. 1s. 6d.

STRETTON'S THE KING'S SERVANTS. 1s. 6d.

STRETTON'S LOST GIP. 1s. 6d. Presentation Edition. 2s. 6d.

TENNYSON'S MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. Complete. 4 vols. 10s.

TENNYSON'S IDYLLS OF THE KING. Complete. 8 vols. 7s. 6d.

THE DISCIPLES. By Mrs. HAMILTON KING. 7s. 6d.

BUCHANAN'S POETICAL WORKS. 18s.

LYRICS OF LOVE. 3s. 6d.

HOME SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS. 3s. 6d.

ENGLISH SONNETS. 3s. 6d.

BRYANT'S POEMS. 7s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

THE SHAKESPEARE ARGOSY. 6s.

THE BETTER SELF. By the Author of "The Gentle Life." 6s.

GREENWOOD'S IN STRANGE COMPANY. 6s.

TAYLOR'S THE CONFESSIONS OF A THUG. 6s.

TAYLOR'S TARA: a Mahatta Tale. 6s.

GIDEON'S ROCK, and other Tales. 6s.

JOAN MERRYWEATHER, and other Tales. 6s.

MARGARET AND ELIZABETH. 6s.

BEATRICE AYLMER, and other Tales. 6s.

GARRETT'S BY STILL WATERS. 6s.

AT SCHOOL WITH AN OLD DRAGON. 5s.

THE BOY SLAVE IN BOKHARA. 5s.

FANTASTIC STORIES. 5s.

THE GREAT DUTCH ADMIRALS. 5s.

SEVEN AUTUMN LEAVES FROM FAIRY-

LAND. 5s.

SLAVONIC FAIRY TALES. 5s.

STORIES IN PRECIOUS STONES. 5s.

WAKING AND WORKING. A Book for Girls. 5s.

MIKE HOWE, the Bushranger. 5s.

THE TASMANIAN LILY. 1s.

THE AFRICAN CRUISER. 3s. 6d.

AUNT MARY'S BR

METZLER and CO.,

GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET, LONDON, W.,

SOLE AGENTS FOR

MASON AND HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS.

NEW DESIGNS, CASES, AND STYLES.

STYLE Y. 18 Guineas.

With one row of Vibrators, Tremulant Stop, Knee Swell, Self-Adjusting Reed Valves, Improved Bellows, Reed Boards, Reeds, &c. Case of solid Black Walnut, plain.

STYLE P. 22 Guineas.

With Knee Stop; with two Sets of Vibrators throughout: one of four-feet pitch, one of eight-feet pitch; Automatic Swell, Self-Adjusting Reed Valves, Improved Bellows, Reed Boards, Reeds, &c. Case of solid Black Walnut, plain.

STYLE Q. 25 Guineas.

IN UPRIGHT RESONANT CASE. With Knee Stop; with two Sets of Vibrators throughout: one of four-feet pitch, one of eight feet; Automatic Swell, Self-Adjusting Reed Valves, Improved Bellows, Reeds, Reed Boards, &c. Upright Case of solid Black Walnut, with projecting key-board and side chambers; with grooved panels, rounded antes, &c.

STYLE W. 35 Guineas.

SIX STOPS:—1. VIOLA; 2. MELODIA; 3. FLUTE; 4. DIAPASON; 5. BARITONE SOLO; 6. VOX HUMANA.

STYLE T. 28 Guineas.

IN UPRIGHT RESONANT CASE, WITH FIVE STOPS:—1. VIOLA; 2. DIAPASON; 3. MELODIA; 4. FLUTE; 5. VOX HUMANA. With two sets of Vibrators throughout—one of four-feet pitch, one of eight feet; having improved Vox Humana, Automatic Swell, Self-Adjusting Reed Valves, Improved Bellows, Reeds, Reed-Boards, &c. Upright Case, with Carved Ornaments, of solid Black Walnut, with projecting key-board and side chambers, rounded antes, &c.

STYLE S. 42 Guineas.

IN UPRIGHT RESONANT CASE, WITH SUB-BASS AND OCTAVE COUPLER. SEVEN STOPS:—1. VIOLA; 2. DIAPASON; 3. MELODIA; 4. FLUTE; 5. MANUAL SUB-BASS; 6. OCTAVE COUPLER; 7. VOX HUMANA. With two sets of Vibrators throughout—one of four-feet pitch, one of eight feet; and one octave of Sub-Bass connected with the Manual and Octave Coupler, giving effect of four sets of reeds; Knee Swell and Improved Vox Humana, Self-Adjusting Reed Valves, Improved Bellows, Upright Case, panelled in front, carved mouldings and ornaments, of solid Black Walnut, with projecting keyboard and side chambers, carved antes, &c. Coupler connects with octave below.

STYLE 73. 38 Guineas.

FIVE OCTAVE, DOUBLE REED, RESONANT. FIVE STOPS:—1. VIOLA; 2. DIAPASON; 3. MELODIA; 4. FLUTE; 5. VOX HUMANA. With two Sets of Vibrators throughout: one of four-feet pitch, one of eight feet; Improved Vox Humana and Automatic Swell, Self-Adjusting Reed Valves, Improved Bellows, Knee Swell, Ivory Fronts to Keys, Clothed Mortises. Heavily-panelled front and sides, best finish.

STYLE 77. 65 Guineas.

FIVE OCTAVE, DOUBLE REED, with EUPHONIE, OCTAVE COUPLER, and SUB-BASS. RESONANT. NINE STOPS:—1. DIAPASON; 2. VIOLA; 3. MELODIA; 4. FLUTE; 5. SUB BASS; 6. VOX HUMANA; 7. OCTAVE COUPLER; 8. EUPHONIE; 9. VIOL D'AMOUR; having two-and-a-half Sets of Vibrators, with one octave of Sub-Bass connected with the Manual; also Octave Coupler, giving effect of four Sets of Reeds; Improved Vox Humana and Automatic Swell, Self-Adjusting Reed Valves, Improved Bellows, Knee Swell, and Full Organ Swell. Extra Ivory and Ivory fronts to Keys, Clothed Mortises, &c. Heavily-panelled front and sides, best finish, &c.

With the New Revolving Fall.

STYLE 29. 150 Guineas.

TWO MANUALS and PEDAL BASS ORGAN, SIX SETS OF REEDS, with PIPE ORGAN TOP, GILT PIPES. TWELVE STOPS:—1. PRINCIPAL BASS; 2. PRINCIPAL TREBLE; 3. DIAPASON TREBLE; 4. DIAPASON BASS; 5. HAUTOBOY TREBLE; 6. HAUTOBOY BASS; 7. BOURDON TREBLE; 8. BOURDON BASS; 9. MANUAL COUPLER; 10. PEDAL COUPLER; 11. VIOLONCELLO PEDALS; 12. BOURDON PEDALS; having four sets of Vibrators to the Manuals, one of four-feet pitch and one of eight feet to the upper Manual, and one of eight feet and one of sixteen feet to the lower Manual; two independent sets of Vibrators to the Pedals, one of eight-feet pitch and one of sixteen feet; Pedals full scale, twenty-seven notes; Manual Coupler and Pedal Coupler; Improved Bellows, with Hand Lever at back and Blow Pedal in front for performer; Foot Swell; Clothed Mortises, &c. PIPE ORGAN TOP, with extra gilt Pipes. Extra Ivory and Ivory fronts to Keys. Accompanied by Black Walnut Seat for performer.

This Instrument has been used by Dr. STAINER (Organist of St. Paul's) at M. GOUNOD's Choir Concerts.—See M. GOUNOD's Testimonial.

STYLE 10. 115 Guineas.

The same Instrument as the above, without the Pipe Organ Top.

TESTIMONIALS:

Ch. Gounod, Sir Julius Benedict, E. J. Hopkins, Dr. Stainer, Dr. Rimbault, Chevalier Lemmens, and other celebrated Organists and Musicians.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES POST-FREE.

METZLER & CO., GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET, LONDON, W.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR

ALEXANDRE'S HARMONIUMS.

NEW MODELS, WITH IMPROVED DESIGNS OF CASES AND NEW QUALITIES OF TONE.

THE STUDENT'S HARMONIUM, in varnished Oak Case; compass, 5 octaves. Price 5 Guineas. The cheapest Harmonium yet made.

ALEXANDRE'S NEW SEVEN-GUINEA BROAD-REED HARMONIUM. Clavier Mobile, making two rows of keys, 4 gs. extra.

THE LIBRARY MODEL. Two Sets of Vibrators, Knee and Foot Swells.

These Instruments are made in handsomely-carved cases, and the greatest care has been taken to produce a round and full tone of the most Organ-like quality.

They are especially adapted to small rooms.

Price 25 Guineas.

In Handsome Oak Cases.

NEW ORGAN MODEL. Two Rows of Keys. In Oak, Rosewood, or Walnut Case.

One set of four-feet Reeds, one set of eight-feet Reeds, and an octave of sixteen-feet Reeds. Two Fortes, Couplers, Knee Swells, and Foot Pedal for Sub-Bass. The Sub-Bass is a new effect, and consists of an Octave of Reeds, giving sixteen-feet tone, to take the place of Pedal notes.

In Oak, 23 Guineas;

Rosewood or Walnut, 30 Guineas.

GOTHIC MODEL. In dark Oak Case, with handsome antique carving, with Dulciana, Lieblich Gedacht, Principal, Baryton, Forte, Grand Jeu, Gamba, Diapason, Flute, Harpe Eolienne, Forte &c.

The cases of these Instruments have been made to suit rooms with handsome furniture. The qualities of tone are quite new to this Harmonium, being exact imitations of a pipe organ.

Price 70 Guineas.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES POST-FREE.

METZLER & CO., GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET, LONDON, W.,

PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS & IMPORTERS OF GERMAN AND FRENCH PIANOFORTES.

PIANETTES BY BORD, from 22 gs. to 30 gs.

SMALL OBLIQUE, Iron Bars, with Check Action Trichord, in Rosewood or Walnut Case, Seven Octaves .. 40 gs.

PIANOFORTES.—ENGLISH MODEL

COTTAGE, of superior finish throughout, Seven Octaves, in Rosewood .. 40 gs. In Best Italian Walnut .. 42 gs. Ditto with Trusses .. 44 gs. With Trichord Treble.

PIANETTES and PIANOFORTES, in

Black Cases, ornamented. New French Model, Full Oblique, Two Iron Bars, Check Action, Full Trichord throughout, Seven Octaves, in Walnut Case, Carved Trusses .. 50 gs.

PIANOFORTES.—GRAND OBLIQUE,

Four Iron Bars, Best Check Action, Trichord throughout, Seven Octaves, in finest Walnut Case, of most superior finish, New Style of Frets and Candle Boards, and handsome Trusses 60 gs.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES POST-FREE.

METZLER AND CO.'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW SONGS.

THE BIRD AND THE CROSS J. L. Molloy.
BECAUSE I DO .. J. L. Molloy.
DAWN .. Virginia Gabriel.
LOST .. Virginia Gabriel.
SAD HEART .. Virginia Gabriel.
IL EST PARTOUT .. Virginia Gabriel.
BERYL .. Virginia Gabriel.
CALLING THE ROLL .. Virginia Gabriel.
LILY .. Wrighton.
ONLY ONE LOCK OF HAIR .. Wrighton.
OLD DAYS .. Mrs. Arthur Goodeve.
STILL I WAIT FOR THEE .. Mrs. Arthur Goodeve.
HEART WHISPERS .. Franz Abt.
TOM HARDY .. Henry Smart.
Price 4s. each. Half price.

NEW PIANOFORTE PIECES.

H. GHYS.—Air Provençal .. 3s.
I. GIBSON.—Les Cosaques .. 3s.
W. BORROW.—By the Brook-side .. 3s.
W. KUHE.—Fleur-de-Lys .. 4s.
B. RICHARDS.—Hark! the herald angels .. 4s.
B. RICHARDS.—Cujus animam .. 4s.
B. RICHARDS.—By the Sad Sea Waves .. 3s.
B. RICHARDS.—Old, old Song .. 4s.
C. OBERTHUR.—Gondellied .. 3s.
C. OBERTHUR.—Sur la Glace .. 3s.
O. COMETTANT.—Alla Polka .. 4s.
O. COMETTANT.—Neva Valse .. 4s.
B. TOURS.—Skating .. 3s.
HOFFMAN.—Hungarian Dances as Pianoforte Duets. In Two Books .. each 4s.

DANCE MUSIC.

QUEEN MAB WALTZ.—L. Sloper. .. 4s.
FORTUNIO QUADRILLE.—Marriott. .. 4s.
MADGE WALTZ.—W. Maynard. .. 4s.
FLEUR-DE-LYS QUADRILLE.—C. Godfrey. .. 4s.
LIFE IN VIENNA WALTZ } J. Strauss. .. 4s.
(Wienerblut)
CLEOPATRA WALTZ.—E. Strauss. .. 4s.
ZOE WALTZ.—Etting. .. 4s.
CHILPERIC QUADRILLE.—C. Godfrey. .. 4s.
SUZANNE WALTZ.—Mallandaine. .. 4s.
FIGARO GALOP.—Mallandaine. .. 4s.
ROYAL RUSSIAN GALOP.—Mallandaine. .. 4s.
RUBY WALTZ.—Valentine. .. 4s.
MAGIC GALOP.—Guy. .. 3s.
JOLLY KING CHRISTMAS } Marriott. .. 4s.
QUADRILLE.

STANDARD WORKS.

HEMY'S ROYAL MODERN PIANOFORTE TUTOR. The most popular work of the kind. 5s.
HEMY'S VOCAL SCHOOL. In two Books, 8s. each.
ENGEL'S HARMONIUM TUTOR. 5s.
RIMBAULT'S AMERICAN ORGAN TUTOR. 5s.
WESTBROOK'S ORGAN TUTOR. 5s.
THE PRINCESS VICTORIA PIANOFORTE TUTOR. With numerous full-page Illustrations; especially compiled for the use of children. 2s. 6d.
SUNDAY EVENINGS AT THE HARMONIUM. In two volumes, cloth gilt, 4s. each.
FIFTY NURSERY RHYMES. Illustrated. 2s. 6d.
ALBUM OF DANCE MUSIC. Cloth gilt. 3s.
METZLER AND CO.'S SECOND ALBUM OF DANCE MUSIC. Cloth gilt. 3s.

METZLER and CO., 37, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET, LONDON, W.